LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post Sunday Special

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GERMANS SHAKEN

BY ALLIES' STURDY DEFENCE.

TERRIFIC FIGHTING IN THE WOEVRE.

The Germans are making fresh efforts to break through the Russian front.

At one point the attack has failed, and the Germans in their retreat have lost enormously in killed and wounded, and in war material.

An Austro-German force has also been repulsed with severe loss. Fierce fighting is taking place in the Cracow district.

Seven million men are estimated to be in the field on the Eastern front according to a Berlin statement.

The Allies are more than holding their own against the Germans.

In Belgium our artillery has had the advantage at Nieuport over that of the enemy.

At Hollebeke two attacks by the German infantry were repulsed.

From the region of the Aisne and in the Champagne country the advantage gained by our batteries over those of the enemy has been accentuated, preventing the Germans from continuing the construction of new trenches.

In the Argonne some of the enemy's trenches have been blown up, while in the vicinity of Verdun and in the Vosges the French have made progress, establishing trenches at certain points less [illegible] from the German positions.

Fierce fighting has taken place in the Woevre district, according to the official communique issued at Paris last night.

The Germans made five massed attacks within two hours, these attacks being stopped by the Allies' artillery.

Two of the Allies' aviators have made a daring raid on the Zeppelin factory at Lake Constance, which they attacked with bombs.

According to a Paris report, everything is going admirably, and the conviction is held that the Germans' offensive is shattered.

A report of pillage and massacre at Ardenne, a town between Namur and Huy, is set forth by the Belgian Committee of Inquiry. Hundreds of men were shot and many were killed by blows from an axe on the meadows in front of their homes.

About eight hundred men were shut up as hostages in three little houses, being so crammed together that they could not even sit down on the floor. This incident recalls the Black Hole of Calcutta.

A German officer, on being extricated from a bog, draws his revolver and shoots his rescuer, a Russian officer.

Prince August Wilhelm, fourth son of the Kaiser, is seriously injured in a motor car accident.

SHOW FOE NO MERCY.

Hindenburg and His Russian Campaign.

Amsterdam.

A correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse has had an interview with the German General Von Hindenburg.

After some complimentary remarks concerning the Austro-Hungarian Army, the general says:—Fighting against the Russians means fighting against numerical superiority, but this superiority is not so dangerous as it appears. Neither numbers nor a superiority of numbers will be decisive, and in the present stage of the war still less than before. The Russians are weary. They may say and do what they like, but all indications say that they will be soon worn out.

General Von Hindenburg then proceeds to claim that the Russians now lack food, and Lodz is starving, and adds that warfare should be carried on without sentimentality.

The less mercifulness shown the sooner war will be ended. War with Russia is above all a question of nerves. If Germany and Austria have stronger nerves, and can pull through, and pull through they will, they will conquer.—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN'S SECRET.—A large subterranean passage, cunningly concealed and leading out to the road dominating Villefranche Harbour, has been discovered at the villa in Nice of a German, who left on the outbreak of the war, after being a resident of the Riviera for several years.

FIVE MASSED ATTACKS BY GERMANS

ABRUPTLY STOPPED BY ALLIES' ARTILLERY.

ENEMY USE PRISONERS TO COVER CAVALRY CHARGE.

Paris, Saturday.

The following official communique was issued here this evening:—

The operations yesterday were, on the whole, similar to those of the two preceding days.

In Belgium our artillery assumed the advantage at Nieuport over the enemy's artillery.

From Dixmude to the south of Ypres there has been an intermittent cannonade on both sides.

At Hollebeke two attacks delivered by German infantry were immediately repulsed.

From the Belgian frontier to the Oise there is nothing further to report.

In the region of the Aisne and in Champagne, the advantage previously gained by our batteries over those of the enemy increased, and prevented the Germans from continuing the construction of the trenches they had begun.

In the Argonne we blew up some German trenches.

In the neighbourhood of Verdun and in the Vosges we have made progress, establishing trenches in some parts at points less than thirty metres away from the German positions.—P.A. War Special.

TWO HOURS' ATTACK.

ARTILLERY STOPS GERMAN ADVANCE.

Paris, Saturday Evening.

The official communique issued at 11 p.m. says:—

The day has passed very quietly, and there is nothing interesting to report, except in the Woevre, at Epargnes, where five massed attacks were delivered by the Germans in a space of two hours, but were abruptly stopped by our artillery.—Reuter.

GERMANS QUITTING THE RANKS.

Many Deserters Escape to Holland.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The Telegraaf learns that numbers of desertions are still occurring among the German soldiers near the Dutch frontier.

After a review fifteen soldiers disappeared from Beverloo Camp, and five Uhlans never returned from a patrol, but their horses were found tied to a tree.

During the last few days a great number of troop trains have arrived over the railway at Hoey from Southern Germany.—Reuter.

MOVING GERMAN TROOPS.

Railway Traffic Suspended.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The German authorities at Tirlemont announces that the railway traffic will be suspended to-morrow and Monday.

It is believed the measure is taken to allow the removal of troops.

German troops, apparently from the south-west of Germany, have arrived recently via Huy.—C.N.

TALES TOLD BY WIRELESS.

15,000 British Troops Drowned.

The German official "news" received in London by wireless reports that "15,000 British troops were drowned in the Yser Canal in the fighting near Birschoote and Dixmude." The French losses, it is claimed, amounted to 20,000.

ALLIES' ARTILLERY SUPERIOR.

Paris, Saturday.

The situation to-day is almost unchanged.

Fighting chiefly consisted of artillery duels, in which the Allies generally asserted their superiority.

A French success is reported in the neighbourhood of Verdun, where an important position has been captured.

In the Vosges the French are making rapid progress, and in certain places they got within thirty yards of the German trenches.—P.A. War Special.

SEVERE COLD LEADS TO LULL IN FIGHTING.

North of France, Saturday.

The latest from the front goes to show the severe cold of the last few days has been the real reason for the present lull in fighting. Snow has now stopped falling and the weather is bright and very cold.

The fall in the temperature naturally adds to the suffering of the sick and wounded. A slight increase in the death-rate is observed in the military hospital, as some of the wounded cannot stand the extra strain of the cold, snowy weather.

German aeroplanes made a raid on Amiens on Wednesday between eleven and twelve in the morning.

A Taube dropped a bomb on the wall of the gasworks. The bomb exploded, and about thirty bullets pierced the gasometer, setting fire to the gas, from which long tongues of flame at once shot up.

The fire brigade, at great risk, managed, after an hour's hard work, to extinguish the fire, while, preventing an explosion from taking place, two civilians were killed. One, a working man, had both legs torn off.

In the same raid another bomb was dropped, which fell in a stable yard full of horses, fifteen of which were killed.—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN OFFENSIVE IS SHATTERED.

Paris, Saturday.

M. Maurice Barris, who returned to Paris from a visit to the army, writes in the Echo de Paris as follows:—

This week I had the honour of visiting our brothers in the trenches, and I intend giving my readers in detail an account of my journey.

To-day, however, I have only one word to say. Everything is going on admirably. I have received from the chiefs, and from the soldiers, the conviction that the Germans will not advance, and that their offensive is shattered.—P.A. War Special.

ENEMY'S LINES OF COMMUNICATION

Are Now Guarded by Landsturm Troops.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf learns from Turnhout that the German lines of communication and the frontier villages in Belgium are now guarded by Landsturm troops, and there are only small detachments in each place.

Conditions in the small villages have improved, as great quantities of provisions have arrived via Tilburg, and are now being distributed.

There are, however, numbers of destitute people in all the villages. For example, at Herenthals there are about 300.

At many places young German soldiers, now on the march to the front, have taken away everything they could lay hands on, and have ill-used all the women and girls.

The German authorities have given orders that all peasants are to begin winter work on the fields, but they have failed to supply them with the necessary horses.

In the region of Diest and Aerschot all is quiet. Small detachments of German Landsturm are stationed there. The men appear depressed. All the trains are reserved for military purposes.

Last Wednesday four trains with horses, guns, and soldiers were run in the direction of Antwerp.

In conclusion the correspondent says that between the Estelt and Montaigu the number of large graves, in which soldiers have been buried, is about fifty.—Reuter.

GERMAN CAVALRY CHARGE

PROTECTED BY SCREEN OF PRISONERS.

North of France, Saturday.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the adventure of a young native of Roubaix, which afforded a striking example of the methods adopted by the Germans towards the civil population of places they pass through.

On the approach of the Germans all the males in Lille, Turcoing and Roubaix, between the ages of 16 and 40, were ordered to leave.

The young man in question, who had left Roubaix with others, was, with a number of comrades, taken prisoner by the German cavalry, which split them up into groups from twenty to thirty each, and made them march ahead of them in the direction of Estaires. One of them, who tried to escape, was shot on the spot.

Arriving at Brigade, across the Lys, at La Garrue Estaires, the Germans, who knew the wood across the river was held by the French, forced the first group of prisoners to line up all day along the parapet to the bridge.

Then the Germans charged at full gallop. They were met with a hail of bullets, but they were protected by the screen of French prisoners, of whom 27 fell out of 30. Other three, who escaped by mounting the parapet and clambering along its outside edge, succeeded in reaching the French lines, wounded but safe.—P.A. War Special.

BELGIAN FORCE PUTS UP HEROIC DEFENCE,

And Eludes Germans by Surrendering to Dutch.

Paris, Saturday.

The Matin publishes the following:—General de Schepper, of the Belgian Army, not having been able to fall back on Antwerp with his men in time before the retreat of the Belgian Army, continued with his Imperial detachment to harrass the enemy, and the Germans sent 300 against his 150.

General de Schepper took up his quarters in a convent at Achel, on the Dutch frontier, and awaited the enemy.

The Germans rushed to the assault, but there only remained enough of them to tell the tale of their defeat.

The Germans returned 600 strong with their machine guns, and the Belgians, who were well entrenched, allowed the enemy to approach before opening fire. As a result of the fight 450 Germans remained on the field.

Eight hundred of them then came forward with several pieces of artillery in order to make a regular siege of the convent. The bombardment had scarcely begun when a German advanced with a white flag to demand the surrender of the "fort." He found the convent empty.

General de Schepper and his 150 men had left by the back door, and had given themselves up to the Dutch.—P.A. War Special.

GIFT OF CARLOAD OF FLOUR

Canadian Farmers' Generosity.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The farmers of the Oaklake district, Manitoba, have generously offered a car of flour to the Prince of Wales' Fund.

His Majesty's Government have gratefully accepted this gift, which will be used for the relief of distress in this country.

CAPE AMBULANCE FOR EUROPE.

Cape Town, Saturday.

A South African ambulance, comprising three motor cars and a staff of four surgeons, en nurses, four dressers, and two motor engineers, with a complete hospital equipment, has left for Europe.—Reuter.

AVIATORS' RAID

ON ZEPPELIN FACTORY.

FATE OF DARING AIRMEN.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The newspaper Seeblad, published at Friedrichshafen, the town on Lake Constance, where the Zeppelin dirigibles are built, reports an attack by two enemy aeroplanes, apparently French.

The hostile aircraft flew over the town, and attacked the Zeppelin sheds and wharf, dropping about half-a-dozen bombs. No damage was, however, done.

One of the aeroplanes was shot down, but the other escaped.—Reuter.

Another telegram from Friedrichshafen says that about one o'clock to-day two aeroplanes appeared over the town, and attempted to attack the shed of the airships' works.

One aviator, who flew at a height of 400 yards over the shed, was soon shot down with shrapnel and machine gun fire.

The other aviator encircled the shed at a considerable altitude, and escaped, but, according to later accounts, which has not yet been confirmed, he fell into Lake Constance.

The aviators dropped fire bombs, some of which landed near the shed. Two houses in the town were damaged, and one man was killed and one woman hurt.

The captured aviator was seriously wounded, and was transported to the hospital.

The airships in course of construction were not damaged.

BALKANS ABLAZE.

ROUMANIA AGAINST GERMANY.

Petrograd, Saturday.

M. Take Jones Cu, the Roumanian Minister of the Interior, has sent the following telegram to M. Boris Souvorin, the editor of the Vetchernoye Vremya:—

"All Roumania's interests and her future are inseparably bound up with the victory of the Triple Entente, to which Roumania must contribute by proclaiming [illegible]. Roumania should strive to promote a Serbo-Bulgarian agreement, and do everything possible to come to terms with Bulgaria, thus enabling all the Balkan States to side with the nations of the Entente.

"A German victory would mean the burial of all the hopes of the Balkan States and the independence of the neutral countries."—Reuter.

OCEANIC COMMANDER ACQUITTED.

Ship Grounded on His Watch Below.

The court-martial on Captain William Slayter, commanding the armed liner Oceanic, wrecked off Foula Island, Shetland, on 8th September, on a charge of negligently, or by default, stranding that vessel, was resumed at Devonport yesterday.

Accused regretted that while he was taking necessary rest below the responsible officers on deck had not stopped the vessel when land was sighted and ascertained the vessel's precise position. Had these precautions been taken the vessel would not have grounded.

The Court acquitted accused.

UPSET AT PARTING WITH WIFE.

Lifeguardsman Found Dead.

A carpenter, Hubert George Jay, of Kentish Town, who had enlisted in the 2d Life Guards, was found by Coroner's inquest yesterday to have committed suicide while of unsound mind.

He had prepared to proceed to his military duties, and seemed upset because he had to part from his wife. He took a razor and cut his throat in the bedroom.

ALLOWANCES TO SOLDIERS' DEPENDANTS.

New Army Order.

In an army order issued last night there is an extension of separation allowances to children over the prescribed age.

For the remaining period of the present war the issue of separation allowances may be extended at the discretion of the Army Council to boys who attend a State-aided school (other than an evening school) until they leave such school up to the age of 15, and to children suffering from mental physical infirmity up to the age of 21.

MONEY STILL POURING IN.

War Loan to be Great Success.

Notwithstanding the fact that an enormous number of applications are still pouring into the Bank of England for the great War Loan, the list remains open in order to give everyone who desires the opportunity of subscribing.

No estimate can yet be given of the amount subscribed, but there is no doubt entertained that the issue has been a great success.

The price of stock yesterday was quoted par to ¼ premium.

SOLDIERS IN STREET MELEE.

Attempt to Rescue Prisoner From Police.

Dublin, Saturday.

In Dublin to-day three soldiers were charged with assaulting the police, and attempting to rescue a prisoner in Sackville Street last night.

It was stated that a constable while arresting a soldier was attacked by a crowd of 150 soldiers. Other police arrived, and the crowd was dispersed.

One defendant was remanded, and the others were fined 20s, or fourteen days' imprisonment.

The Hon. Lionel Tennyson, eldest son of Lord Tennyson, who is a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, has returned to London from the front, wounded in the leg.

GERMANS MAKE FRESH EFFORTS

TO SMASH WAY THROUGH RUSSIA'S HUGE ARMY.

CZAR'S TROOPS REPEL ATTACK AND FORCE ENEMY TO RETREAT.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Army Messenger, which is the organ of the General Staff, to-day sums up the operations of the war.

It says the Germans are making fresh efforts to break our front between Lowitz and Skiernevice, with the intention of marching on Warsaw.

It appears that the enemy has moved large forces in this direction.

The attempt of the Germans to march upon Warsaw breaking in our Kielce-Radom front failed totally, and the enemy had to retreat along his whole front.

The German Army, as usual in its retreats, lost an enormous number in killed and wounded, prisoners, provisions, and artillery trains and munitions.

On 18th November large Austro-German forces, supported on the fortified region Czestochowa, Cracow, took a vigorous offensive against the troops, but were repulsed on the whole front with severe loss.

The enemy then attempted a fresh offensive, but our troops, by a counter attack, drove them back with losses no less serious than before. We took very many prisoners. A fierce action is taking place in the Cracow district, the Germans perceiving that this strong place with its powerful forts is their last rampant on this front.

GERMANS FORCED BACK.

PROGRESS OF THE GREAT CONFLICT IN POLAND.

Another report (unofficial) from Petrograd says the Germans have been forced to act on the defensive in the battle between the Vistula and Warta Rivers.

Their last effort to pierce the Russian line north of Kutno resulted in one of their cavalry divisions getting into a cross fire from Russian infantry entrenched with a strong support of machine guns.

Over 3000 dead and wounded were left on the field by the Germans, and the vanguard of their advance fell back on the main body, which is now spreading itself among defensive positions around the woods.

The Russian pressure continues without any necessity of transferring troops from the army working through Soldau or from the operations against the line Kalish.

SEVEN MILLIONS IN FIGHTING LINE.

Forces in Great Poland Battle.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

The Social Demokraten, whose source of German news is the Socialist headquarters in Berlin, calculates to-day that the German and Austrian forces on the Eastern front number about three millions, and the Russian forces four millions.

NO AUSTRIAN VICTORY.

SERB ARMY STILL HOLDS OUT.

Baseless Reports to Keep Austrian People Cheerful.

Athens, Saturday.

The following communique has been issued by the Serbian Legation here:—

The news spread by the Austrian official agency announcing great Austrian victories in Serbia is false.

Acting under orders from headquarters, the Serbian troops retired from the positions around Valjevo, which they had bravely defended for nearly two months against Austrian troops superior in numbers, which were reinforced from time to time by fresh detachments.

Our troops are now occupying more advantageous positions, and are awaiting the enemy with confidence.

Valjevo was evacuated, and the retreat carried out without loss, and without any untoward incident accruing. Five guns were abandoned on a height, where they had been placed, as they could not be removed, but they were first put out of action.

No prisoners were taken, although the Austrians are treating as such a few old peasants who have remained in their homes.

Generally speaking, there has been no fighting since the day on which the order to retreat was given, and consequently there can have been no Austrian victories. The announcement of such victories is made in order to strengthen the morale of the people of Austria-Hungary.—Reuter.

CHOLERA IN AUSTRIA.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Vienna telegram states that the Klinische Wochenschrift of November 5 gives a list of places in the Monarchy infected by cholera.

During the week ending 24th October 579 cases became known and 81 were suspected. There were 14 cases in Vienna.

Numbers of cases of dysentery have occurred amongst the soldiers in Vienna, and in the week ending 10th October 20 persons died in the capital alone.

In some places the number of cholera victims in a single day was over 20.—P.A. War Special.

SHOT HIS GALLANT RESCUER.

German Officer's Amazing Ingratitude.

Petrograd, Saturday.

Wounded Russian officers who have returned to Petrograd recount a story of the ingratitude and brutality of a German officer after he had been saved by a Russian.

Twenty Germans were floundering in a bog in East Prussia when some Russians at risk of their lives extracted them.

A German officer, as soon as he was on dry land, drew his revolver and shot his rescuer.

The Russian discipline was such that the man was not shot out of hand, but arrested and tried before a Drum-Head Court-Martial.—Reuter

KURDS FLEEING IN PANIC BEFORE RUSSIANS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

According to information which has reached Maku, Persia, from the Turkish frontier, great dejection prevails among the Kurdish cavalry.

In the valley of Abaga the Kurds, carrying all portable belongings, are fleeing in panic in the direction of Vau to avoid meeting the advance detachments of the Russians.—P.A. War Special.

BEDOUINS INVADE EGYPT.

Cairo, Saturday.

Turkish Bedouins have made another raid into Egyptian territory by crossing the eastern frontier to the Sinai Peninsula (running from El Arish, on the Mediterranean, to Akaba, on the eastern branch of the Red Sea).—Reuter.

TURKEY CLAIMS TO BE READY

For Three Weeks' Desert March.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The following telegram from Damascus, under date November 19, is published in Frankfort:—

The preparations for a mobilisation of the troops here have been completed in spite of all difficulties.

Some twelve thousand camels had to be requisitioned for the transport of the water supply, as the Turks will have to face a three weeks' march in the desert.

The transport of artillery over the sandy soil also required special preparations.—Reuter.

SHOTS AT STATES' CRUISER.

Captain's Report to His Superiors.

Washington, Saturday.

Captain Decker, of the United States cruiser Tennessee, has reported that the firing by the Turks on the launch sent from his vessel at Smyrna was not a hostile act.—Reuter.

ITALY BECOMES EXCITED.

NEUTRALITY LEADERS HISSED.

Paris, Saturday.

A long telegram published this morning from Rome says that public opinion is beginning to show signs of concern in anticipation of the reassembling of the Italian Chamber, which has been officially fixed for December 3.

Professor Grassi, the Senator who is at the head of a neutrality movement, supported by adherents of the Triple Alliance, was hissed by a number of students, most of whom are deeply alive to the importance of the movement against the political inactivity of the Government and to the effect which it may have on Parliament.

The official Socialist Party appear to be determined to interpellate the Government on military preparedness at the beginning of the war, and on the weakness shown by the Government in closing its eyes to the traffic in contraband with Germany and Austro-Hungary.

These two Powers have been circulating the rumour that Germany has finally succeeded in persuading Austria-Hungary to cede to Italy a certain amount of territory, but the offer was too clearly limited to satisfy the present aspirations of Italian opinion, as Austria was definitely made to state that she cannot renounce any portion of the Adriatic coast now in her possession.

SERIOUS SITUATION IN ITALY.

EFFECT OF SULTAN'S PROCLAMATION.

Paris, Saturday.

Italian public opinion is beginning to show signs of disquiet at the possible effect which a holy war may have in North Africa. The presence in Rome of General Ameglio, Governor of Cyrenaica, is generally interpreted as indicating that fresh operations will have to be undertaken against the unsubjected tribes in the south, where much unrest prevails.

No one in Italy seriously believes the assurance given by the Porte that Libya would not be included in a Pan-Islamic propaganda. Italians are fully aware that if Egypt and Tunis are to be the victims of a native movement, the new Italian colonies, where the central power has not yet been established by long occupation, will be among the first to be smitten with revolt.

The advance of the Turks in the Sinai Peninsula, announced from Constantinople, is being followed with keen attention. The unanimous impression is that Italy could not long remain indifferent to the Turkish menace on the Suez Canal. This is not lost sight of either in Constantinople or elsewhere consequently.

Italy is fully confident that Turkey will not dare to take any step which could only result in fresh danger to herself.

ITALIAN AMBASSADORS CALLED HOME.

Significant Conference at Rome on the War.

The Italian Ambassador left Victoria yesterday for Italy.

His Excellency is returning to confer with the Government of his country.

The Italian Ambassadors at Paris and Petrograd are also returning to Rome for a similar purpose.

The Marquis Imperiale has been an almost daily visitor to the Foreign Office since the outbreak of the war. He is expected to stay a fortnight in Rome.

For many weeks the Italian Government has been urged to take warlike action even by Radical and Socialist committees, and the sentiment of the country is with the Allies.

KAISER'S SON INJURED

IN MOTOR CAR SMASH

DURING MILITARY TOUR.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

A telegram from Berlin states that Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's fourth son, has sustained a complicated fracture of the thigh and severe contusions of the jaw as the result of a motor accident while making a military tour.—Reuter.

MINEFIELDS IN BRITISH WATERS

Not Expected to Unduly Restrict Shipping.

Newcastle, Saturday.

It was reported at the Exchange this afternoon that the new pilotage arrangements of the Admiralty on the North-East Coast are not expected to restrict the movements of vessels to any undue extent.

High outward freights are still maintained.

The new regulations were issued in view of the extension of the system of mine defence.

Notice is given that on and after the 27th inst. pilotage will be compulsory at certain ports, and that it will be highly dangerous for any vessel to enter or leave such ports without a pilot.

The areas referred to in the communication issued by the Press Bureau are:—River Humber, River Tyne, Firth of Forth, Moray Firth, and Scapa Flow.

GERMAN AGENT TO BLAME

For Reported Agitation In Japan.

Tokio, Saturday.

The Japan Times, which reflects the opinions of foreigners and also of prominent Japanese, says:—"There is a propaganda permeating Japan which may be traced to German agents, who are seeking to stir up animosity against the United States."

A similar campaign, the Journal believes, is being carried on in California, where, according to good authority, the new Anti-Japanese Bills will be introduced and passed in 1915.

THE TAX ON BEER

Leeds to Publican's Suicide.

An inquest was held on Saturday at Wroughton, near Swindon, on the body of Edwin Lee, the licensee of the Swan Inn, Wroughton.

The evidence showed that the deceased was seventy-five years of age, but he was in good health. He arose at six o'clock in the morning, and afterwards he was found dead, hanging from a beam in the kitchen.

The deceased's son said—"I think my father worried over the new beer tax. He had no financial worries."

The foreman of the jury said he saw the deceased on Thursday last, and Lee then told him that he "did not like putting an extra penny on the working man." He seemed very upset about it.

Deceased hanged himself from a beam in the kitchen.

The jury returned a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.

V.C. HERO'S WEDDING.

From the Battlefield to the Altar

Erith, Saturday.

The wedding of one of the V.C. heroes of the war, Lieutenant David Nelson, took place here to-day.

The bride was Miss Bishop, the daughter of Mr J. Bishop, of Ipswich. Mr Glover, an ex-Guardsman, gave her away.

Lieutenant Nelson was, until recently, a sergeant in L Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and was promoted for bravery and awarded the Victoria Cross.

He was a prisoner in a German hospital for four days, but was rescued by the British troops.

Although badly wounded, he fed his gun while on his knees for a considerable period.—Evening News.

GREAT BATTLE IN POLAND CONTINUES.

Petrograd, Saturday

A communique issued by the Staff says the fighting between the Vistula and the Warta and on the Cracow front continues.

In East Prussia yesterday there was only isolated rifle fire.

In Western Galicia the Russians continue to advance.

SHIP'S COOK AND PRIZES OF WAR.

Curious Charge In Aberdeen Court.

Aberdeen, Saturday.

At Aberdeen Police Court to-day Sydney Skeals, a ship's cook, was brought up on a petition that on Thursday and Friday he represented to the Customs authorities at Aberdeen that he had been sent by the Admiralty Marshal in London to take possession of three German trawlers lying at Aberdeen as prizes of war.

Skeals was remanded until Wednesday next.

The Press Bureau passes the above message, but states it has no information.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

SIR JOHN FRENCH AND THE MEN OF KENT.

A LANCASHIRE LAD'S CONFIDENCE.

LICKING KITCHENER'S ARMY INTO SHAPE.

London, Saturday Midnight.

London is in the grip of the frost fiend. A spell of cold weather has set in with the young moon, and everything points to a hard winter.

Snow fell heavily to-day in Kent and in other parts around the Metropolis.

The weather is extremely trying for the men on duty, but it is preferable to the pea-soup fog which generally hangs over London in November.

The Men of Kent.

General French has paid a high tribute to the heroism and the hard work of the men of the West Kents, who are with him in the field. The men who march in the ranks of the regiment are the descendants of the tough fighters whom Jack Cade stirred in Dougiuy deeds, and although in times of peace the garden of England is looked upon as a sleepy country you can take it from one who knows that it only requires a spark to cause a conflagration.

"First in peace and first in war" might well be the motto of the Kents, and be it remembered that Sir John French himself is a man of Kent. It must be very gratifying to him to know that so many of his fellow Kentish men have rallied to the cause of Britain, and fought valiantly, although the odds were four to one against them. The West Kent Territorial force is as fine a body of men as the regulars. Since the outbreak of the war they have been doing some hard training, and one of these days they may be called upon to show they are made of the self-same fighting stuff as the lads who shoulder the gun the whole year round. One thing that is noticeable in Sir John French's speech to the Kents is that he deplored to some extent the necessity for keeping from the world the story of his soldiers' gallantry in the battlefield.

Treatment of War Correspondents.

The announcement that neutral war correspondents will shortly be allowed to go to the front will be received with widespread satisfaction, but it would be much more satisfactory to learn that some of our own brilliant writers, who are kicking their heels on the lines of communication, were to be allowed to describe some of the dashing deeds which are taking place in battle. Now that the Prince of Wales is with the forces we want to know what he is doing, and the effect his presence is having on the troops. I was talking this week to one of our most eminent Generals, and he agreed with me that it was a pity that the authorities had been so hard on the war correspondent, though pointing out that there were men on the staff of the War Office who knew as little about what was taking place as the man in the street. Beyond the work of their own department they are kept in the dark. The General reminded me that while his friend Lord Roberts believed in the war correspondent, Lord Wolseley always spoke bitterly against him. But he went on to tell with a smile the curious point was that Wolseley always took them with him, and gave them every assistance that lay in his power.

A Glasgow Recruit's Experience.

A very well-known Glasgow man looked me up to-day on his return from the Admiralty, whither he had gone to see how he stood with reference to a commission promised him in the Naval Reserve. He is a pontoon bridge builder by profession, and one would have imagined that his kit would have been waiting his arrival in Mr Winston Churchill's private room. To his surprise, however, the courteous officer in charge addressed him in familiar and friendly terms, "Young fella, my lad, you're three hundred on the list of seven thousand. What about joining as a ranker?"

My friend went straight from the office and put his name down on the list of men who are going out to the front to drive motor transports. He knows nothing about driving at present, but such is his desire to get out to the front that he is going to start learning the business at once.

He told me a story about Glasgow recruits which is worth passing on. After a stiff route march a body of recruits were marched to the hill near the University in Glasgow, and ordered to take it at the double. One of the older men, after tackling the job, had to lie down on the pavement to regain his breath, and a Glasgow policeman pulled him to his feet, read him a lecture on the evils of drink, and scathingly assured him that he ought to be doing something for his country in the ranks. Only after a stiff argument did the recruit escape a visit to the cells.

Kipling Arrested for a Spy.

The spy scare is responsible for many quaint happenings, but none has caused more amusement than the narrow escape of Mr Rudyard Kipling in Knole Park, Sevenoaks. The Lancashire soldier who suspected him and took him to the Major is being severely chaffed, but the soldiers' bard would be the last to resent the action of the man he was cross-examining.

Rudyard Kipling is in the right place if he is on the hunt for local colour for more of his delightful soldier stories. The Lancashire men in the Sevenoaks district have some quaint members among them, and more than one budding George Formby. Before they came south they were in Edinburgh, and they did not like their quarters. "Edinburgh's a fine city," said one of them, "but the folks in Edinburgh reckons they knaws more than us laads!" The motto of the country is, "What Lancashire thinks to-day England thinks to-morrow." When the scare caused by the appearance of the gunboats off Yarmouth was on a miniature bugler told me the news, adding with the conviction that all was well, "An Aa'm going off in half an 'our."

Positions Changed.

Between the officers and men of Kitchener's Army there is a spirit of camaraderie which augurs well for the future. In one of the West End restaurants I saw a Colonial private walk up to his Colonel and address him as "Boss." And while Kitchener's boys do not go so far as that they can play a joke on the men who lead them without fear of reprisals.

In one of the regiments near London the officers who had come in contact with the Colonials began to go out in the village to practise cracking the stock-whip. The non-commissioned officers very promptly bought a number of peg-tops and, sent one to each officer. Since then the echoes of the village have not been awakened by the whips.

A sign of the times is that a young man of my acquaintance in Kitchener's Army is being drilled by the commissionaire who used to wait his wishes after he had pushed the electric bell in his father's office. Another case is that of a novelist friend who is in one of the home defence corps, and who is being put through the drills by the meek and mild little man who looked after the lift in his flat. The novelist tells me the Sergeant-Major is no longer meek and mild, and has a pretty wit he never credited him with possessing. He has come under its lash once or twice.

Mistaken for Belgians.

Some of the people who crowd to see the Belgian wounded are a curious lot, and cause endless amusement by taking things for granted. This afternoon while sitting by the fire talking to one of my friends a fussy little old lady asked me in bad French if I liked England, and on my replying that it was not a bad country when you got to know it, she looked surprised, and complimented me on speaking English so well. Leaving me, she put her foot in it with the young English doctor who was sitting on the edge of the bed, and handed him a piece of plain chocolate. The doctor enjoyed the joke as much as I did, wished her "Bon Jour," and bowed gracefully as she went off with a parting word to the nurse that I did not look at all strong. I am smoking one of her cigarettes now. The Belgians would not have them. They prefer the kind I bring them.

EARL CRAWFORD AND SPY PERIL.

TO REOPEN FIFE NIGHT SIGNAL QUESTION.

SCOTTISH SECRETARY'S REPLY.

London, Saturday Night.

Lord Crawford states that Mr M'Kinnon Wood's comments on his observations regarding the alien danger in Scotland do not pretend to deny the general accuracy of his warnings, and that he proposes to revert to the subject in the House of Lords next Wednesday.

EARL OF CRAWFORD'S REVELATIONS.

The Earl of Crawford, in his speech in the House of Lords, made some rather startling revelations concerning the spy danger.

Night signalling, he said, was continuous from the shores of Fife to ships in the Forth, and he could give the names of six places within a few miles of his own home where this lamp signalling had been going on.

His Lordship also gave information of a private postal system arranged from our ports by neutral ships to Germany, of the Forth being full of German sailors, or illegal importation of dynamite in neutral ships, of the illegal export of petrol, and of evidence that pointed to professedly innocent vessels having been employed in mine-laying.

SCOTTISH SECRETARY AND SPY PERIL.

Mr M'Kinnon Wood, Secretary for Scotland, in a letter to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres regarding the allegations made by his Lordship in the House of Lords on the subject of alien enemies in Scotland, makes the following points:—

Alien Enemies in Fife.—With the exception of five or six at Kirkcaldy, there were no male alien enemies above sixteen years of age in the whole county of Fife at the time when your speech was made. You refer to the case of a German who, you say, was detected tampering with official messages. . . . It is true he was arrested by the military authorities, and he was discharged by them for the reason that no evidence was found against him. It is not, therefore, correct to say that he was detected tampering with official messages.

Night Signalling.—You state that night signalling from our shores to ships in the Firth of Forth is continuous. . . . My information is that every case reported in the county has been at once investigated, but no single act of night signalling has been proved.

Illegal Exports.—You go on to refer to cases of illegal export and import of cargoes, including two cases of illegal importation of dynamite. . . . I have been unable to ascertain that any such cases have occurred.

You say that up to last week an alien enemy was living in the county to whom the Home Office had refused naturalisation before the war for reasons which were ample, but you say up to three days ago that an alien enemy continued to reside at a spot commanding a view of the sea. This alien ceased to reside in Fife on October 20.

A VERY BRAVE, GOOD DADDY.

Scots Guard's Last Message to Wife and Baby Girl.

Liverpool, Saturday.

"I thought you would be glad to know that he died amongst English people and that he had every comfort it was possible to give him. He was so splendid, brave, and so patient, and said he did not want to be a burden to anyone. He told me he had a baby girl whom he had not yet seen. You will have to tell her as soon as she grows old enough that she had a very brave, good father, whom she will meet and know some day."

This is the text of a letter received in Liverpool from a sister in a French hospital by the widow of a private in the 1st Scots Guards who died from wounds received at Ypres.

The acting chaplain to the British forces at the hospital has also written to the young widow, who has a baby girl only eleven weeks old. He states that her husband was buried in the part of the cemetery there reserved for British soldiers, and that he had a French Guard of Honour.

RED CROSS FLAG DAY IN SCOTLAND.

In fully 150 towns and villages in Scotland an appeal was made yesterday on behalf of the Scottish Branch of the British Red Cross Society by means of a Red Cross Flag Day.

The movement originated in Glasgow, and has been very enthusiastically taken up and supported.

BLACK HOLE OF ANDENNE.

800 MEN SHUT UP IN THREE SMALL HOUSES.

GERMANS' FEARSOME WORK IN VILLAGE STREETS.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

A further report has been drawn up by the Belgian Commission of Inquiry dealing with the pillage and massacre at Andenne, between Namur and Huy.

It states the Burgomaster had taken most minute precautions to prevent the population from engaging in hostilities, and had posted up everywhere placards ordering non-resistance. All firearms had been collected in the Hotel de Ville.

The Germans arrived on August 19, the first contact between the troops and the people being quite pacific. The soldiers at first paid for their purchases, and for drink in the cafes.

Soldiers Fire Haphazard.

Next day the troops defiled through the town in great numbers. Suddenly at six o'clock in the evening a single rifle shot was heard in the street, followed immediately by a startling explosion. The troops halted, their ranks fell in disorder, and nervous men fired haphazard. A machine gun was set up and fired at the houses, and later cannon dropped their shells into the town. At the first rifle shot the inhabitants, guessing what might happen, took refuge in cellars, or sought the open country. A certain number of people, who would not or could not escape, were killed in the houses by shots fired from the street, or by soldiers who burst into the dwellings

A Doctor's Fate.

Immediately afterwards commenced the pillage of the houses in the principal streets of the town. Every window shutter and door was broken in. Furniture was smashed and thrown out. The soldiers ran down into the cellars, got drunk there, breaking bottles of wine that they could not carry away. Finally, a certain number of houses were set on fire. During the night rifle shooting broke out several times. The terrified population lay low in their cellars. Next day, Friday, August 21, at four in the morning, the soldiers spread themselves through the town, driving all population into the street, and forcing men, women, and children to march before them with their hands in the air.

Those who did not obey with sufficient promptitude, or did not understand the order given them in German, were promptly knocked down. Those who tried to run away were shot. It was at this moment that Dr Camus, against whom the Germans seemed to have some special spite, was wounded by rifle shot, and then finished off by a blow from an axe. His body was dragged along by the feet for some distance.

Wife Sees Husband Murdered.

A watchmaker, a Fleming by birth, who had lived for some time in the town, was coming out of his house on the order of the soldiers, supporting on his arm his father-in-law, an old man of eighty. Naturally, therefore, he could not hold up both his hands.

A soldier stepped up to him and struck him with an axe on the neck. He fell mortally wounded before his own door. His wife tried to bring him assistance, was pushed back into the house, and had to look on helplessly at the last agony of her husband. A soldier threatened to shoot her with his revolver if she crossed the door.

Meanwhile the whole population was being driven towards the Place des Tilleuls. Old men, the sick, and the paralysed were all brought there. Some were drawn on chairs, others pushed on hand carts, others, again, borne up by their relations. The men were separated from the women and children. Then all were searched, but no arms were found on them. One man had in his pocket some empty cartridge cases, both German and Belgian. He was immediately apprehended and set aside. So was a cobbler who had a wounded hand. The wound was a month old.

Spanner Considered to Be Weapon.

An engineer was also put apart because he had in his pocket a spanner, which was considered as a weapon. Another man seems to have been arrested because his face showed his contempt and rage at what was going on. These people were shot in presence of the crowd, and all died bravely.

Subsequently the soldiers, on the order of their officers, picked out of the mass some forty or fifty men, who were led off, and all shot, some along the bank of the Meuse and others in front of the police station.

No Water for Wounded.

The rest of the men were kept for a long time in the road. Among them lay two persons, one of whom had received a ball in the chest and the other a bayonet wound. They lay face to the ground with blood from their wounds trickling into the dust, occasionally calling for water. The officers forbade their neighbours to give them any help. One soldier was reproved for having wished to give one of them his water bottle. Both died in the course of the day.

While this scene was going on in the Place des Tilleuls, other soldiers spread themselves through the town, continuing their work of sack, pillage, and arson.

Eight men belonging to the same household were led out into a meadow some fifty yards from their dwelling. Some of them were shot, the rest cut down with blows of an axe. One tall red-haired soldier, with a scar on his face, distinguished himself by the ferocity with which he used an axe. A young boy and a woman were shot.

800 Men Shut Up in Three Houses.

About ten in the morning the officers told the women to withdraw, giving them the order to gather together the dead bodies, and to wash away the stains of blood which defiled the street and the houses.

About midday the surviving men, to the number of 800, were shut up as hostages in three little houses near the bridge, but they were not allowed to go out of them on any pretext, and were so crammed together that they could not even sit down on the floor. Soon these crowded buildings reached a highly insanitary condition.

The women, later in the day, were allowed to bring food to their husbands. Many of them, fearing outrage, had fled from the place. These hostages were not finally released till the Tuesday following.

The statistics of the losses at Andenne give the following total:—

Three hundred were massacred in Andenne and Seilles.

About three hundred houses burnt in the two localities.

A great number of inhabitants have fled.

Almost every house has been sacked. Indeed the pillage did not end for eight days.

Other places have suffered more than Andenne, but no other Belgian town was the theatre of so many scenes of ferocity and cruelty.

No German Soldiers Shot.

The numerous inhabitants whom we have cross-examined are unanimous in asserting that the German troops were not fired upon. They told us that no German soldier was killed either at Andenne or in its neighbourhood. They are incapable of understanding the causes of the catastrophe which has ruined their town, and to explain it they give various hypothesis. Some think that Andenne was sacrificed merely to establish a reign of terror, and quote words uttered by officers which seemed to them to show that the destruction of the place was premeditated.

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

The shutting up of eight hundred men in three small houses referred to by the Commission of Inquiry recalls the act of Suraj-ul-Dowlah in connection with the famous Black Hole of Calcutta in 1756. Into a space of twenty feet square Suraj-ul-Dowlah placed one hundred and twenty-six British prisoners. Only twenty-three were found alive next morning. The Germans are apparently attempting to copy Suraj-ul-Dowlah's methods.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The Here-and-There Warrior is the latest name for the Kaiser.

We are told that the favourite song of the motor drivers in France is "Any Lorry."—Globe.

Fifty guineas per cent. was freely paid underwriters at Lloyd's yesterday to insure against the Suez Canal becoming closed.

An Afghan rising against the British is the latest bit of news regarding Colonial trouble which comes from the German press.

Official apologies for defects in the feeding of the German troops at the front have appeared in most of the German newspapers.

The whole of the elementary, secondary, and evening schools in Newcastle and Sunderland have been taken over to accommodate recruits.

The scarcity of horses owing to the demands of the military authorities has given a great impetus to the motor cycle carrier industry.

All the British troops are regarded in Germany as mercenaries, because they receive pay for their service. That they have all volunteered is a fact lost sight of.

Sir Victor Horsley, the well-known brain specialist, has offered his services for the war. Perhaps he will wire to Wilhelm, Potsdam, making an appointment with the patient.

"We are now so neutral that we don't care a d—— which country beats Germany!"—New definition of "neutrality" in the war now popular in the United States.

It has been decided, in addition to raising a second overseas contingent and providing necessary reinforcements, to maintain 50,000 troops constantly under arms in Canada. The original scheme provided for 30,000.

A novel method of recruiting is being adopted at Hull. Tramcars driven by ex-army men are decorated with notices in the following terms:—19 to 38. Jump on. Your King and Country need you; Kitchener calls you; we take you—jump on!"

A Russian Red Cross attendant describes in a letter home how he saw in the thick of heavy artillery fire a crowd of about fifty rabbits standing in the middle of a ploughed field, all huddled together and filled with indescribable terror. The writer says it was the most pathetic sight he has seen on the blood-soaked battlefield.

Despite the fact that all export of gold from Germany has been prohibited, the German Government has granted a special dispensation in the case of a despatch of 12,000,000 marks in gold to the Danish National Bank, on the ground that the exchange of German banknotes has been daily falling since the war broke out.

PEER'S RECORD.—Lord Penrhyn who has just rejoined his old regiment, the 1st Life Guards, addressed a recruiting meeting at Towcester, and said he appealed for men as a father with sons in the army. One son was wounded and missing. Two brothers, five brothers-in-law, and eleven nephews also were on active service.

COLONEL AND PERAMBULATOR.—At Bishops Stortford Thomas Appleby was sentenced to one month's hard labour for obstructing His Majesty's troops and assaulting Colonel John Knight, officer commanding the 5th North Staffordshire Regiment. The colonel stated that accused persisted in wheeling a perambulator in the midst of the regiment, and witness dismounted and threw the vehicle into a ditch. Accused followed him as he was inspecting billets, and took a running kick at him, injuring him badly.

SCOTTISH KILLED AND WOUNDED

REPORTED FROM THE FRONT.

LATEST LIST OF CASUALTIES.

The following casualties were officially reported in the Expeditionary Force last night:—

Died of Wounds.

Ker Gulland, Sec.-Lieut. R. G., London Scottish.

Officer Wounded.

Franklin, Sec.-Lieut. F., Highland L.I.

Wounded and Prisoner of War.

Burgoyne, Capt. R. M., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Wounded.

Dulieu, Sec.-Lieut. W. D., Cameronians.

Prisoners of War.

Fleetwood, Capt. G. C., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Boyle, Sec.-Lieut. E. P. O., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Forbes, Sec.-Lieut. H. H. O., Gordon Highlanders.
Smith, Lieut.-Col. A. G. B., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Officer Killed.

Dickson, Lieut. A. J., Highland L.I.

Killed—Cameron Highlanders.

Abbott (3643), Company Sergt.-Major A.
Abbott (8598), Lance-Corporal F. G.
Bain (6332), Pte. J.
Boag (8024), Pte. K.
Brown (8459), Bandsman J.
Brown (7265), Pte. R.
Burk (3721), Serg.-Major G.
Claugher (8618), Pte. H.
Graham (7907), Lance-Corporal T.
Gray (7658), Corporal J.
Hutchison (7642), Sergt. A.
M'Creadie (8148), Pte. T.
M'Cuish (3931), Lance-Corporal A.
M'Donald (6913), Drummer D.
Mackie (7111), Pte. J.
Mitchell (7041), Pte. W.
Moxey (8435), Pte. W.
Munro (7947), Pte. J.
Old (6215), Pte. T.
Pears (8797), Drummer J.
Richardson (7553), Pte. J.
Rowe (7059), Bandsman W.
Ryder (5763), Pte. J.
Sinclair (7498), Drummer R.
Stewart (5738), Pte. W.
Sweeney (7166), Bandsman R.
Walker (7399), Pte. R.
Woods (9092), Pte. C.

Black Watch.

Henderson (7751), Pte. A.

Scots Guards.

M'Arthur (6697), Corporal N.

Killed—Other Scottish Regiments.

Gribbon (12213), Pte. J., Highland L.I.
M'Callie (8159), Pte. D., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Mackintosh (9331), Pte. W. H., Cameron Highlanders.
Stevenson (9137), Corporal G., Cameron Highlanders.

THE KAISER'S SON-IN-LAW AT THE FRONT.

N.I.

This photograph of a group of German officers includes General von Emmich and the Duke of Brunswick, son-in-law of the Kaiser, and son of the Duke of Cumberland.
The disgusted-looking Duke of Brunswick stands in the centre with one hand in his pocket, and on his right is General von Emmich, wearing two Iron Crosses awarded for leading the attack on Liege.

Latest Naval Casualties List.

The Press Bureau last night issued a list of casualties which occurred as the result of the sinking of H.M.S. Niger off Deal on the 11th inst.

This shows that two first-class stokers had died, and that two were wounded.

A chief petty officer and a stoker and thirteen men are missing, including eight first-class stokers, a ship's steward, and a third writer. These men all belonged to the Portsmouth Port Division.

There is also one additional man missing, a private from H.M. hospital ship Rohilla.

One able-bodied seaman of H.M.S. Cumberland is reported as "drowned on active service."

Fowler (3617), Company Sergeant-Major W., Scots Guards.
Murray (10901), Pte. P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Died of Wounds.

Nicol (10019), Pte. A., Cameron Highlanders.
Shilling (7644), Pte. T., Black Watch.

Wounded—Black Watch.

Band (9824), Pte. J.
Bell (2452), Pte. G.
Brown (8337), Pte. W.
Jeffrey (1041), Pte. J.
Jones (1413), Pte. B.
Kinnaird (2481), Pte. W.
Lord (7198), Pte. W.
M'Intosh (620), Pte. W.
Murray (7222), Pte. R.
Rankin (2318), Lance-Corporal J.
Robertson (2243), Pte. J.
Sinclair (7396), Pte. D.
Smith (2402), Pte. M.
Stewart (151), Pte. A.
Swan (9291), Pte. J.
Thompson (9289), Pte. J.

Seaforth Highlanders.

Hamilton (7706), Corporal P.

Wounded—Cameron Highlanders.

Black (7657), Pte. R.
Blakemac (8906), Pte. A.
Buchan (7464), Pte. J.
Foote (8846), Drummer W.
Hossack (9453), Pte. G.
Husband (9280), Pte. A.
Rossor (7501), Pte. H.
Ursell (4260), Pte. F.
Woods (6608), Pte. J.
Wright (7037), Pte. J.

Royal Scots.

Cain (9420), Sergeant H.
Cooper (11288), Pte. P.

Missing—Royal Scots.

Burns (8931), Pte. J.
Cleaver (11593), Pte. W.
Dyson (7818), Lance-Corporal E.
Haggerty (10776), Pte. J.
Paton (9699), Pte. J.
Perberdy (11276), Lance-Corporal G.
Walker (9606), Pte. W.

Cameron Highlanders.

M'Kenna (5549), Lance-Corporal J.
Shaw (6855), Pte. T.

Previously Reported Missing Now Rejoined.

Welsh (11175), Pte. W., Royal Scots.

LOSS TO WELSH TINPLATE INDUSTRY.—Notwithstanding the financial loss incurred, the tinplate makers of Wales are bearing cheerfully and patriotically the sacrifice they are called on to make by the Government prohibition of exports to Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. A firm in Denmark has received an order from Germany for 80,000,000 plates, and has offered Welsh firms an exceptional price to execute the order. It has not only been refused, but £30,000 worth of plates ordered prior to the prohibition and ready for shipment has been voluntarily held up in Swansea, though the order is known to be an honest one, and not intended for the enemy

GERMANY HAS GIVEN UP HOPE OF VICTORY,

AND IS STRIVING TO SECURE FAVOURABLE PEACE TERMS.

REMARKABLE ADMISSIONS OF PRUSSIAN OFFICERS.

(BY OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT)

London, Saturday Midnight.

It must not be supposed from the silence now reigning over the fighting East and West that operations of most supreme importance are not in progress in both theatres of war.

In France and Flanders the situation might be summed up in the favourite phrase of the French official communique, "Rien de nouveau."

Yet with varying fierceness the conflict is raging all the way from the sea to the Swiss frontier, and to the south of Ypres the enemy continue a furious offensive.

It is on the East, however, that the eyes of the whole world are now turned. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the battle in progress between the Vistula and the Warta is the greatest and most momentous in the history of warfare.

The combatants are numbered not by hundreds of thousands but by millions, and if the Germans should lose the result cannot fail to have a decisive effect upon the whole campaign.

The issue that is being fought is every bit as important to the Allies in the West as to Russia in the East. Should the Germans succeed in administering a decisive check to the Russian advance we may expect to see big reinforcements sent back into the Western theatre.

Sufficient men would be left in the neighbourhood of the Vistula to hold the Russians at bay, and it is only necessary to recall all that happened along the Valley of the Aisne to appreciate the difficulty in modern warfare of carrying entrenched positions by frontal attacks with strongly reinforced armies.

Enormous Risks.

In the West the attempt to hack a way through to Calais would be renewed, and possibly we might even see a renewal of the interrupted march on Paris. It is now or never from the enemy's point of view, for the German Headquarters Staff are fully informed of the splendid new armies which France and Great Britain will be able to place in the field in the early spring.

Happily there is nothing in the news already to hand that justifies the expectation that the Germans in the East will achieve the sweeping victory essential to the carrying out of this plan. General Von Hindenburg, the Prussian commander in the East, has chosen his ground with consummate skill, but the strategy he has pursued is strategy which can only be justified by success. Conscious it may be that in this battle Germany is virtually shooting her last bolt, he has taken enormous risks. Instead of falling back behind the Warta, where he would have been supported by the fortress line Thorn-Cracow, he has abandoned his strategic railways, and offered battle to the Russians between Lodz and Plock. In choosing this battle ground he has been influenced by two considerations; the line of the Vistula on his left and the bend of the Warta on his right protect his armies from being outflanked.

The Russians, too, are compelled to fight on a very narrow front, which must discount to some extent the numerical superiority they possess. To the north in East Prussia, and to the south of a line stretching from Kalisz to the north of Cracow, the Russians are making steady progress, and, in the effective phrase of the Petrograd communique, the battle is "developing normally."

Premature Jubilation.

But it is on the fighting in the centre that the Germans are staking their all, and in regard to the operations there, the Russian Headquarters Staff preserves its accustomed reticence. The enemy have not shown themselves capable of the same restraint. Berlin has already been celebrating a great victory, though even the civil population now seems to realise that its jubilations were a little premature. All that really happened was that General Von Hindenburg's army came into contact with the Russian advance guards and drove them back. In the knowledge of this fact the rejoicings throughout Germany are giving place to acute tension. As a matter of fact it will probably be many days before the decision in this great battle is reached.

In the meantime we shall have to be content with such meagre bulletins as Petrograd may see fit to issue. The uncertainty will be hard to bear, but we may console ourselves with the reflection that, as in the case of the Battle of the Vistula, no news will probably prove good news. In any case, the anxiety with which the Allies will await the result can be nothing compared with the anxiety with which that result will be awaited in Germany.

All that we know about the conditions of the Russian Army, and of the progress of the campaign thus far, justifies the hope that our Allies will emerge triumphant from the great struggle in which they are engaged. The Germans are out-generaled and out-numbered, though the narrow front on which they are fighting minimises to some extent the disadvantage under which they labour in the latter respect. In the matter of artillery they should also be more than a match for the enemy, for they have been able to draw upon new sources of supply, of which the Germans at present know nothing, though of which they are likely very shortly to be extremely well acquainted.

A Satisfactory Outlook.

Unless the wholly unexpected happens in the East the general position of the Allies may be described as extremely satisfactory, much more satisfactory than the general public here are allowed to know, or have the necessary information to enable them to appreciate. The Germans are attempting to do what Bismarck and Von Moltke always regarded as impossible—they are endeavouring to carry on a war on both frontiers at once. This fact seems to have been brought home to the Prussian commanders themselves.

The present writer had an opportunity a day or two ago of talking to a well-known neutral, who had just returned from Germany, where he has spent many years of his life. This man came into contact with the Emperor only a few days ago. He described him as being greatly aged, but as seeking to put a good face on the disasters which were overtaking his country. But the members of the Emperor's General Staff were surprisingly frank in their admissions. Their view was that Germany was beaten unless Von Hindenburg secured an overwhelming triumph in the East.

How desperate the plight of Germany is may be gathered from the extraordinary epidemic of lies which has now broken out in the newspapers of the Fatherland. In order to cheer the spirits of the civil population the story is published broadcast over Germany that the Kaiser's Navy has established a complete supremacy in the North Sea. Our warships are represented as skulking in their harbours, afraid to show their noses outside for fear of coming into contact with a German squadron. The raid upon Yarmouth is worked for all it is worth in support of this fairy tale. That exploit showed considerable daring, and also an intimate acquaintance with the distribution of our minefields. Given this knowledge and more or less accurate intelligence of the movements of our fleets, and the difficulties of dashing across the North Sea under cover of night are not insuperable. The really surprising thing is that the raid was not more successful than it was, and it was more or less an accident that Yarmouth did not suffer actual bombardment, as everyone knows the shells directed against it dropped harmless into the sea a mile or more away from the coast. This inability of the Germans to get the range was not due to bad marksmanship. They were simply misled by the fact that only a few days before the buoys along the coast had been moved out a mile or so. Before they had the time to find out their mistake and rectify it they had to sheer off in haste. The approach of a British squadron two hours before it was expected upset all their plans.

Fighting for Peace!

It is asserted by many of the Prussian officers who fall into our hands that Germany is fighting now not so much in the hope of victory as with a desire to secure favourable terms of peace. Statements of a similar character come to us from Rome, the suggestion being that the Austro-German Armies will endeavour to supply the whole of Belgium and Servia, and then open up negotiations for peace on the basis of a resumption of the status quo ante all over the world.

If Germany really entertains any such notion she is likely to find herself egregiously disappointed. It is hardly necessary to say that no terms of this character will be entertained by the Allies. Whatever may be the disposition in Berlin, France, Russia, and Britain are certainly not in a mood to "call it a half."

There can be no question of peace until the last German has been driven out of France and Belgium, until Alsace and Lorraine have been restored once more to the French Government, and until Britain and Russia are satisfied that Germany's power of aggression has been permanently crushed.

The Allies are resolute in their determination not to lay down their arms until the rightful claims of each individual Power have been met. If Germans are in the least degree sceptical on this point they must be as blind now as their diplomacy showed itself to be at the commencement of the war.

Duration of War.

But whilst there is no possibility whatever of peace being concluded until Germany has been decisively beaten, there is, nevertheless, a good deal of quiet speculation as to the probable duration of the war. Mr Lloyd George's War Budget, coupled with the fact that he has made provision in his War Loan for the continuance of hostilities until July of next year, have naturally excited attention and encouraged gossip.

The views expressed are interesting if only as showing the more optimistic feeling that now prevails. There is very little talk now of the war being still in progress two years and even three years hence. A simple sum in proportion shows that such a prolongation of the struggle is almost impossible if the fighting is continued at the existing spendthrift expenditure of human life. The manhood of Europe simply could not sustain such a drain on its resources for any considerable length of time.

One may dismiss with equal confidence the suggestion that the Allies in the West are quite satisfied to play a waiting game, and are content to sit down where they are for the winter. In co-operation with our French allies, we shall assume the offensive in the West as soon as we are able to claim a numerical superiority over the enemy, either as a result of the reinforcements that will soon be available, or as a result of the German line being weakened by the necessity of detaching troops for service against the Russians in the East.

A resumption of the offensive, as soon as circumstances justify, is desirable alike on military and on political grounds. The feelings with which France views the continued occupation of a proportion of her territory by the Prussians can be readily appreciated. The political considerations which this fact inspires point to the adoption of a policy which would in any case have been dictated by military needs. More happily placed than the Germans, our political and military requirements fortunately proceed along parallel instead of along diverging lines.

How We Stand.

In the meantime nothing has happend to impair the quiet confidence with which our leading soldiers regard the military outlook. The Germans are at this point putting forth the maximum effort of their greatest force east and west. They have more than two million men arrayed in the west, and considerably more than one million in the east, where the Austrian forces probably swell the total to somewhere between two and a half and three and a half millions.

This is the moment of Germany's greatest potentiality. And yet the utmost she is able to do is to hold her own in the west, whilst failing to administer anything more than a temporary set-back to the invading Russians in the east. Her own official casualties now total up to 1,000,000 men. The actual figure, including killed, wounded, prisoners, and sick, is probably more like 2,000,000.

The furious fighting in Flanders alone during the past two or three weeks is estimated to have cost Germany at least 200,000 of her finest fighting men. By the early spring the Allies in the West and the Russians in the East will have, if not an overwhelming, at least a conclusive superiority in numbers. Big successes by the Russians in the East may accelerate the inevitable end. But failing these, and even supposing that the Russian arms receive some severe checks, the military opinion is that a successful and vigorous offensive East and West will be possible by that time.

Drawing Back the Enemy.

Some people are talking of the dreadful task of driving back the Germans in the West from entrenched position to entrenched position by slow and deadly degrees, and it is known that the Germans are elaborately mining the country behind them against the day of their retirement. But nothing of the kind may be necessary. If the Russians invade Silesia in force the Germans will retire in the West without being hurled back.

Nor is this the only hope of relieving the pressure in Belgium. The Allies in the West already have enough men, as we see, to hold the Germans securely up. With the fresh armies, well trained and well equipped, already mustering in the field, strategic movements will be possible which may drive the Germans back on the Rhine even more quickly.

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TORTURED TO DEATH TO SAVE HIS FRIEND.

RUSSIAN FORCED TO "RUN THE GAUNTLET,"

TO PROTECT BRITISHER FROM ARREST AS SPY.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

This narrative by a British eye-witness of now a brave Russian was tortured to death was told me by Mr Alfred Hanson, of Oak Farm, near the village of Beamish, in Durham. It records the experience which befel him two weeks ago at the fortress of Egar, near Vienna.

Mr Hanson was travelling in Austria when the war broke out, and having some business to attend to he accepted the hospitality of his friend Mr J. Radezky, and stayed on in his house in the suburbs of Vienna.

"I had been out in the city," said Mr Hanson, "and only came back to my friend's house at a few minutes to midnight. I found that he and his young wife were in a terrible state of anxiety on my account, and scarcely had I entered the house than my friend seized me and hurried me out by the back door into a yard, and from there we went across two fields until we came to an outhouse used to shelter cattle.

"On the way I learned the reason of my friend's hurry. He said that the Austrian soldiers had come to search his house, and told him very plainly that they suspected him of harbouring a British spy—myself. They made an exhaustive search, and only left when every available inch of space had been gone over.

"It was lucky for me that I was absent, otherwise I might now be like my poor, faithful friend.

"I hid in the outhouse all that night, and about four o'clock in the morning I heard the wife—Mrs Radezky—calling me from the floor below. I got up from the hay on which I had been lying, and saw the poor creature white as death and leaning panting against the manger.

Brave Woman Assists His Escape.

"'He's gone! They've taken him!' she cried. 'Oh, what shall I do? They'll maybe make him run the gauntlet. Two have already died by it, and now they've taken my Juan! You must go—quickly—they'll come again at dawn, and if they find you, well, all three of us will die.'

"I cannot describe to you all I felt at that moment. I knew that what the brave woman said was only too true, for she and her husband were both of the hated Russian nationality, though they had been in Austria for over fifteen years, living a useful existence, for they were dealers in furs.

"Mrs Radezky urged me to fly while it was still dark. She had packed a small bag with a few necessaries of mine, and with tears in her eyes she told me that her husband would die before he would tell them where I was. She added, as I hesitated as to my duty under the circumstances—

"'Of what use your going to them? Juan is already condemned, and your sacrifice would be of no avail. Oh, if you only knew this treacherous people as well as I you would see your great danger. Go then, for if you are found I, too, will suffer.'

"Well, I knew that the Austrians were mad with the Russians on account of the whipping inflicted by the soldiers of the Czar. I did as the good woman wished, and in the early morning I got rid of my moustache, and in as modest a suit as I could purchase in Vienna I appeared in the streets the next day.

"The papers simply mentioned the arrest of a Russian spy, and I hoped that the poor wife's fears of the dreadful torture of the gauntlet were unfounded. But that night I found that her fears were only too likely to have solid grounds, for a late edition mentioned that the new method of making spies speak was about to be applied to my unfortunate friend the next morning.

Thousands Gather to Watch the Torture.

"I have often, in common with thousands of others, made use of the words—'running the gauntlet.' In all my life I never thought the words had any other meaning than evading the excise officers, or passing down Belgravia in a new style of hat. This night I was to learn something about the gauntlet, and on every hand there were bets being made that the spy would speak before he got to the tenth man.

"Early that same night I made my way towards the avenue that borders the fortress of Egar. The place is a very fashionable quarter, and some swell hotels are scattered here and there. I picked out one that appeared to overlook the parade ground outside the fortress proper, and booked a room, to which I retired very early.

"At daybreak I was up, and on looking from my window I was pleased to find that I had an uninterrupted view of the parade ground. Already there were some hundreds of people assembled around the fence which enclosed the parade ground, but it was not until well after seven o'clock that the soldiers began to come.

"First came a dozen men with trumpets, and soon the long parade ground was filled with soldiers. These were placed in two rows facing each other, and I noticed that each carried a long thick cane or stick, which appeared to be bound at the end with a black cording. They stood only a few feet apart, and at a word from the officer in charge they held out the canes as if measuring the distance.

"Behold! A Traiter and a Spy."

"Presently a party appeared from the fortress gates, and I saw quite plainly my poor friend, stripped to the middle, though the morning was very cold. The officer in charge produced a document, and proceeded to read its contents to the troops. He then addressed the prisoner, poor Radezky, and I saw his figure stiffen and his head rise more stately. The officer then addressed the troops. I learned afterwards that his words were:—

"'Behold, soldiers of Austria, a traitor and a spy! You are the legal executioners of our law's decree. See that you execute it in a manner fit and well.'

"The soldiers he thus addressed were the Second Rifle Battalion of the Khrenhuller Infantry. As the prisoner stood at the end of the line the drums began to beat a slow measure. The escort fell back, and he was stood alone facing the soldiers, who switched their canes in readiness for their brutal work. There was now a dead silence; scarcely a breath escaped the great crowd now augmented by thousands. Again did the officer read over the sentence to the prisoner, and exhorted him to save himself. No word did the brave fellow utter.

"Two soldiers with fixed bayonts at the charge now stepped in front of the prisoner. Their bayonets were close to his breast, and the drums now began to beat a slow and awful dismal march. Behind were other soldiers, also with fixed bayonets, and now I saw the first stroke fall on the bare shoulders of the hero civilian prisoner.

Died After Running the Gauntlet.

"A look of intense pain came over his face, and he crossed his hands over his breast as his steps kept time to the beating of the drums. On and on. The cruel canes fell on his torn flesh, and his blood began to drip on to the ground. One could see the set of his teeth as outraged nature fought with the natural desire to cry out, but never a whimper and never a cry escaped from the lips of the martyr.

"His brutal and merciless enemies and murderers enjoyed but an incomplete victory after all. In vain did they slash and slash again. In vain taunt him, in vain try every trick known to their debased minds to draw from him a sign of weakness. All to no purpose. Majestically, and it appeared to me by superhuman aid alone, he 'ran the gauntlet.'

"At the end of that lane of torture he turned. The sight of his back as it came within my vision was one I shall never forget if I live to be a million years old. Not a single fraction of an inch but had been torn from its place, and the bones might be counted all down the red torso. Even his bitterest enemies might have well been satisfied, but there was no pity in that crowd, who only saw one of the hated Russians who had trampled their contemptible forces in the dust. This was indeed revenge!

"When poor Radezky had come to the point whence he started, he staggered, and would have fallen had not two soldiers taken hold of either arm. He looked at the lane of soldiers with a face white as the snow. His fine dark eyes flashed for a moment, and he tried to control his voice as he said—

"'You have put the seal to your crest on which cowards rest so well! Thank you for this punishment, which I offer up to the glory —of—my—beloved—Russia—God bless——'

"Then he fell on his face and died.

"For many days I remained utterly unfit to appear in public. My nerves were shattered, but I knew my life was in the greatest peril. Eventually I managed to get away, but not before I saw the martyr's widow safe over the border and on her way to Moscow."

PHOTOGRAPHING BY PIGEON.

VALUE OF HOMERS AND TUMBLERS.

GERMAN'S EXPERIMENTS.

Military photographic "bird's-eye views" have hitherto been obtained by means of balloons, kites, or rockets. Dr Neubronner has discovered that they may be taken also with the aid of carrier pigeons.

The carrier-pigeon photographer can render valuable service in many fields, and especially in the field of war, for obtaining information of the country and the position and strength of the enemy.

The Prussian Minister of War has shown interest in the project, and has put at Dr Neubronner's disposal birds from the military pigeon station at Spandau, with which successful experiments have been made. The carrier pigeon flies at a height of between 150 and 300 feet, safe from small shot, and very difficult to hit with bullets.

Pigeons can be released from airships at any height within the enemy's lines, and they would carry home with them pictures of great value.

The carrier pigeon is peculiarly well suited to service of this character because, when set free in a strange place, it commences its flight by describing a spiral curve, in the course of which several pictures could be taken from various points of view. Then, when the pigeon has determined the position of its goal, it flies thither in a straight line at a uniform speed of about forty miles per hour.

As the moment of exposure can be regulated with a fair degree of precision, the object which it is desired to photograph can generally be caught. In besieged fortresses information concerning the besiegers can be obtained by tumbler pigeons which, when released at their homes, fly in circles for a time and then return to their cotes.

In field service it will be necessary to provide portable cotes for the carrier pigeons. A pigeon can see and recognise its cote at a distance of more than twenty miles. Dr Neubronner has devised a waggon carrying a developing room and a cote which can be raised on "lazy tongs" in order to release the pigeons at a good height.

SHARP SENTENCE ON ALIEN.

Charged under the Defence of the Realms Act with unlawfully having carrier pigeons in his possession a German fisherman named Fug was at Grimsby sentenced to three months' hard labour. Seven homing pigeons were found at prisoner's home. As an alien enemy prisoner had been forbidden to go to sea, but his son was sailing on trawlers, and the Stipendiary said it would have been quite possible for him to take the pigeons to sea and release them to carry home to the prisoner news of the movements of warships.

BROTHERS TOSS THE COIN

FOR PRIVILEGE OF JOINING THE ARMY.

TORN BETWEEN DUTY AND DEVOTION.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

A party of recruits for various depots were being entrained at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the scene at the station was one that has been repeated almost every day since the call to arms rang all over the country.

The brave lads themselves were smiling, some laughing, and with some youngsters, parting from mother or sweetheart, it was a battle between the tear in the eye and the smile on their lips.

One soldier lad who stood on the edge of the crowd attracted my attention. There was no one to see him off, and I felt that he was a bit lonely.

I approached him, and got into conversation with him, and thus I come to write the story of the Hardings.

"I'm lucky to be going at all," he said. "It was a toss-up between my brother and myself. We both wanted to go, but one of us had to stay behind, and mother cried all the time that I was too young. But I'm not. I'm eighteen, and Jim, that's my brother, he's just twenty-one. You'll understand how we were fixed when I tell you my mother has been in bed for the last four and a half years. Dad died out there in the sea. He was a fisherman, and his boat was swamped in a gale one night about five years ago.

"My home is at Sunderland, that is, my real home, but we've been living in Newcastle ever since dad was drowned. Us boys had to see to mother, and we decided that Jim should come here to find a job, and I was to stay behind to look after mother. Jim got work, and then he took two rooms in Bett's Lane, and mother and I came along soon after. I got work with Jim in Phillip's works, and we managed all right.

Saying Good-Bye on the Platform.

"Then the call came for men. Jim was wild to go, and so was I. We both tossed up for it, and I won. It's just as well, because Jim earns more than I at the works."

The lad stopped abruptly, and I followed the direction of his gaze. Coming across the platform I saw a girl, a bonny girl, with a shawl on her head.

"Bill! Oh, Bill, what will I do?"

"Stop crying, lass, that's the best thing you can do. What's there to cry about? Look around! See all those fellows, they're going too. Mother's all right. Jim's at home, and they want for nothing. Besides, mother said I might go. She's all right, Nellie, and you'll look in now and then, won't you?"

"Sure I will—I will. Oh, Bill, I want to tell you, but I can't——"

"Come, Nellie, what's it all about? No need to cry so. I saw Jim and mother only last night. They were quite happy, and I'm not worry. So don't cry, lass—there's the sergeant now. Nellie, I must go."

A moment the lad held his sweetheart to his breast, and in view of all around he gave her a hug and a kiss that only a clean-hearted lad would dare to do before all the crowd. Then, placing Nellie gently aside, he threw back his head, squared his fine shoulders, and marched straight for the carriage. The signal was given, and the train passed away from our view.

A sob sounded beside me, and I turned to find Nellie weeping behind her shawl. I spoke to her, and she said—

"You are Bill's friend?"

Truthfully I answered—"Certainly, I am. Can I do anything?"

Sweetheart Who Couldn't Break the News.

"Oh, you can, sir. I mean you'll maybe tell me what I can do. I'm in such trouble." She tried to compose herself, and after a while she said—

"I couldn't tell him. He'd be killed with grief, for he did so love his mother, and now she's gone, and he doesn't know it."

"Do you mean—dead?"

"Yes, sir. Two hours ago. Jim ran to tell me, and we said it was best to let Bill reach London, and not tell him until the funeral was over. He'd get in trouble for being absent without leave, and he'd have come right away if he knew, and not wait for anyone's permission. Oh, I hope I've done right, for I'll be that wild with him when he knows I let him go without telling him."

I accompanied Nellie to Betts' Lane, and there spoke to Jim Harding, and expressed my belief that Bill would be allowed to return, if the facts were made known to the proper authorities. He seemed too dazed to take any steps himself, so I sent a telegram to Bill to be delivered at Northallerton Junction. It was simple:—"Mother dying. Come.—Jim."

After the wire was sent, Nellie told me that she did not think Bill had the money for his fare back. But before we could take any steps to rectify this obstacle, Bill wired that he was coming home, and later in the night he came.

Jim is Free to Enlist, and Does So.

The funeral was a simple one, for the lads made no close friends. They saw me as I stod waiting for them, as they came from their mother's grave. I asked them what their plans were for the future. They looked at each other for a few seconds, and then Bill said—

"You can come, now, Jim. There's nothing to hinder you."

Jim did not speak for a while, then he said as he looked into his younger brother's eyes—

"There's nothing to keep me here, and there's plenty to take me yonder. Yes, Bill, it's the only thing to do—now, I'll come."

I saw them away to their training depot. Nellie, too, was there. They all made plans for the future, and tried to forget the present. Nellie, being a girl, wept. The lads smiled—and went away.

DEFENDING FORCE AT TSINGTAU

WANTONLY WASTE AMMUNITION

TO AVOID MEETING COLD STEEL.

If the official reports reaching the British Legation at Pekin, and covering the final phase of the fighting at Tsingtau, are published, an extraordinary story, which can only receive the ugliest names, will be unfolded.

Briefly, it appears incontestable that the surrender was carefully prearranged days before the heavy gun bombardment, and the defenders' ammunition was wantonly wasted in order to find an excuse to avoid meeting the cold steel of the assaulting infantrymen.

In an open plain near the British lines 1300 shells were fired as fast as the guns could be loaded, though not a single living object was there, whilst along the trenches near the harbour night and day the German infantrymen discharged their rifles into the air in order to exhaust the cartridges.

The internal friction which the unmilitary behaviour has created is responsible for an amusing sequel. On the morning of the surrender numbers of the rank and file, refusing to obey orders, rushed to the harbour, boarding the junks, and forcing the owners to convey them across Kiaochow Bay to points ten or fifteen miles away, where they are now being gradually rounded up, though officers disguised as Chinese succeeded in fleeing as far as Jangtsze.

That in such circumstances, with a phenemenally low percentage of casualties, the Kaiser still confers on the Governor, Meyer Waldeck, the First Class Order of the Iron Cross, "for the heroic defence of Tsingtau," is peculiarly illuminating, and forms a fit crown for a climax as unique as that of ten years ago, when all Russia condemned General Stoessel for giving up Port Arthur.

The net result of this extraordinary denouement has already been to disillusionise the Chinese.

THREW UP JOB OF £900 A YEAR TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY.

Alderman Sir David Burnett, in advising a young man who appeared as defendant in a case at the Guildhall to join the army rather than loaf about London doing nothing, said he knew of an official of the Corporation who threw up an appointment worth £900 a year and joined the army as a private at one shilling a day, to serve his country.

OFFICERS URGE NEED FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

LETTERS FROM FRONT TELL HOW OUR MEN UPHOLD

THE HONOUR AND CREDIT OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

An officer at the front, in a letter, expresses views very generally entertained by our hard-pressed and greatly overworked troops who are waging an almost incessant fight in the trenches. The writes says:—

"We are still busy at this ghastly battle. It is a battle of the greatest importance, and every possible kind of reinforcement should be shoved out at once, Territorials and everyone. They could be put in the trenches and would fight well, no doubt, and our men could get a rest and act as an attacking force or reserve whenever any of our line were hammered.

"I don't think the British public half realise what is going on here, or every able-bodied man would be hounded to enlist. The Germans are sending half-trained men to the slaughter, not half as good as our Territorials; they come on gallantly, and we mow them down by thousands, still they come on singing the 'Wacht am Rhein,' poor beggars, and eventually they break and are again shot down by our gunners. Of course, any time by sheer weight and numbers they may break through our thin line, so we want big reserves.

"I don't grumble at risking my life, as I have been quite long enough on this planet and don't mind trying another, but, being a member of a great and powerful nation, it bores me to see the puny efforts we are making, and I feel quite ashamed to talk about it to the French officers, who as a nation to a man are, to the best of their ability, fighting our battles. I should like to tell the fat wasters at home who won't enlist exactly what I think of them."

HIGHLAND OFFICER SAYS IT IS HARD

To Get Germans Out of Trenches.

A major in a Highland regiment writes:—Could you see this country, you would hardly wonder that we are doubtful. Every able-bodied man in France and Germany is fighting; there are no shops open, no business is done, no railway traffic—nothing except war. The Dervishes at Atbara were credited to be brave beyond the bravery of civilisation. The Germans are harder to put out of trenches than they were. We are up against a thundering good army, and it will take us all our time to break 'em. Everything now is going well, but mind, we've been at it hard for nearly three months. We have been lucky; some regiments have been very hard hit. The Germans bring up a constant supply of fresh troops. I am not talking of the present. At present the army, though a little tired, are in good fettle and in a state of magnificent morale, but if this is going on at its present tension another one, two, or three months, the strain will become dangerously near to snapping somewhere.

FIRST WANTED HIM SHOT, And Afterwards Shook Hands.

The following is from a letter by Second-Lieutenant J. Phillips Pearce (aged eighteen), 2d Essex Regiment (reported missing October 21), written from Crefeld, Germany, on October 27:—I am afraid I am out of the firing line until the war ends, worse luck. I am in no danger of being shot unless I try to bolt, which I shan't do. I shot the man who was carrying their colours and he wanted to have me shot, but luckily nobody seemed to agree with him. The next time I saw him he had been bandaged up—he was shot through the shoulder—and he dashed up and shook me by the hand and shouted "Mein freund, mein freund!"

MOTOR CAR'S ADVENTURES.

A young officer who went out quite recently to the front describes his experiences on the way to the firing line. He says:—

"We met a motor that had just come in from the firing line, and was riddled with shrapnel; the screen and windows all smashed. The driver stated that, since he had been driving it, eighteen people had been hit in the car at various times, but he had escaped all injury, though there were a couple of bullet holes perilously near his head.

"We were much cheered by meeting 150 motor 'buses waiting near here, all painted black, but with many of their old drivers, though disguised in khaki. They are used for moving troops quickly. There was a good deal of chaff as we passed, and frequent cries of 'Strand,' 'Piccadilly,' 'Charing Cross,' &c."

A VICTIM OF GERMAN TREACHERY.

The family of Lieutenant Lionel Hope Hawkins, 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, have just received from the Adjutant of the Carabiniers, to whom he was attached, full details of his death, and these once more illustrate the treacherous methods frequently adopted by the Germans.

The adjutant writes that Lieutenant Hawkins was killed in an attack by the Germans on a line in Southern Belgium on the night of October 31-November 1. "It appears that after the enemy had penetrated our line a party was observed by him approaching the trench which he held with his troop. He ordered fire to be opened on them, but they shouted—'Don't fire, we are the Scottish,' and he ordered his men to cease fire, and himself bravely, but incautiously, got out of his trench and went towards them. He had gone about 30 yards when the Germans—for it was the Germans and not the London Scottish—opened fire, and he was seen to fall." Two men went out and brought him back to the trench, and it was seen he was badly wounded in the right side. He was removed to a place of comparative safety, but died soon afterwards."

Soldier Who Rescued a Frenchman.

Private J. Hooley, of the 20th Hussars, writes to his home in Rock Ferry:—While we were retiring a Frenchman got wounded in both legs, and could not walk. He could only crawl, and the Germans were firing at him all the time. A chum of mine ran out and carried him back on his back to the trenches. He had to run a couple of hundred yards for the Frenchman under heavy fire. The man's name is Private Mason, 20th Hussars, and he lives at Liverpool.

It is announced that as British and American clothing houses in this country have, under the auspices of the Clothiers' Association, pooled a Government order for three million military garments, any tailor willing to adapt himself to circumstances can now obtain employment.

The Week's SPRIGHTLIEST CARTOONS

From the Leading Colonial and American Papers.

"HEAVY, HEAVY, WHAT HANGS OVER?" —Cincinnati Times-Star.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

—Cesare in the New York Sun.

New York Sun.

THE BRITISH LION AND HIS CUBS AROUSED.

Auckland Weekly News.

TO SAVE THE CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE

New York Herald.

AND WITHOUT IMITATORS.

ANANIAS VON MUNCHAUSEN GEN. MANAGER
WHOPPER FACTORIES
WAR CAUTION DEPT. ASSORTED LIES FOR FOREIGN CONSUMPTION
HIS VOS HER DAILY TIMES, YES
WAR CAUTION DEPT. ASSORTED LIES FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

As a great manufacturing country Germany is in a class by itself.

Montreal Daily Star.

SHORT LIVED

Many for the others.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS. TRAP IT.

It has been proved that the Empire is swarming with German spies and secret agents, who are ostensibly merchants, book-agents, clerks, waiters, professional, business and laboring men.

WHY AYR UNITED GOT A BIG BEATING.

THE SECRET OF THE HEARTS' SUCCESS AT FIRHILL.

HAT TRICK AT PARKHEAD AND CATHKIN.

It was difficult to watch the Celtic-Ayr game, owing to a thick fog which hung over Parkhead.

Lyall was absent from Ayr United, still suffering from injury. Dodds was not in the Celtic team. He, too, was on the injured list. There was no wind.

The Celts pressed hotly to begin with. M'Menemy's daring try was beautifully blocked by Bell. Ayr then got on the offensive, and they made matters hum near Shaw. But M'Nair averted danger by a superb bit of tackling, as the result of which he dispossessed Richardson, and cleared in masterly fashion.

Celtic moved with finer precision and more confidence. Consequently they were, as an attacking force, more often in the eye. All the forwards loomed large in a delightful combine, which compelled Niven to give a corner. For a time there was only one lot in it. The homesters simply refused to go away from the United's goal. Browning and M'Atee swung across perfect centres, but Ayr's defence was champion. Peter Johnstone's long-range drive was a gem, and only one inch too high. Then the visitors swept into the picture with long passing, which had Celt's defence guessing. And Richardson nigh drew blood with a first-timer, which Shaw seemed a trifle lucky to reach.

M'MENEMY'S VARIED PASSING

kept the Celtic forward attack splendidly open. M'Nair touched top-hole form in the rear. His judgment was first class.

Celts continued to have the bigger share of the show. But they met with a tremendously tough opposition. At times M'Menemy and Co. overdid the embroidery business, and really White, admirably guarded, was not called upon often. Many Celtic shots went astray. Ayr's van was more or less under a cloud. It was held—well held—by the Parkhead rearguard. Only Richardson in the first half shaped like a first-rater.

Celtic's opening goal was a gem. Brown and Miller, Donaldson, and Reid took the eye most among the 'Onians. Best for Rangers—Lock, Gordon, Bowie, and Duncan.

SECRET OF THE HEARTS' WIN.

There was a lingering hope out Firhill way that the cherished home record would remain unbroken versus the Hearts, but, alas, it went by the boards, and that, too, in no uncertain manner. Hearts won by decided superiority in the forward division, and there you have the secret of the Firhill defeat.

It was a befogged arena, and the "press" were somewhat in the same state, as only the wing men nearest them were observable and the goalposts were known to be there, but could not be seen.

These were the conditions when the first goal was chalked up. Low was the man who did the foraging work, and Wilson was the finisher. With the fog lifting, everybody was pleased, and the rest of the first half was a ding-dong struggle without anything to show for it. The Hearts claimed the lead at half-time by Wilson's fog goal.

As in the first half, the Hearts secured the only goal. Although late in coming, it was nevertheless welcome, as it sealed the points, and doomed the Thistle's home record. It was a splendid effort on the part of the visiting centre, who beat a couple of men in the process before beating Campbell all ends up with a fast rising shot. Previous to this success the Thistle were always likely to draw level, so Gracie's goal had its value. His worth to the leaders cannot be under-estimated. He pulled off the game at Ibrox, and his effort beat the Shawfielders at Parkhead. No one can doubt that Percy Dawson's shoes are well filled.

The teams differed in so far that the Hearts carried no passengers, which cannot be said of the "Jags."

The Hearts played to reputation, and the understanding that prevailed commanded success. Boyd was without serious test. Crossan and Currie can be put down with a capital "C." Strong in tackling, placing, and feeding, Briggs, Scott, and Nellies did their parts well, and there was little to draw between the five forwards.

THISTLE UNDER CRITICISM.

Low and Wilson, the outside men, had frequently the defence guessing. Wattie and Graham were elusive, parted to advantage, and were always in position. So much for the Hearts. Campbell—no fault could be found with him. At close quarters Adams was the most reliable, but Bulloch placed some nice balls when his side were on the "press."

I liked Morrison's play at half. He was a stickler all the time, and was the only half who located the goal. Loney was not far behind, but his forward passes often went astray.

Forward, the outside men never struck a paying game. Armstrong, an old friend, was adhesive to a degree that spoiled his team's chances. G. S. Ramsay and Harris were the only men of the line who pleased, but Neil seldom got a pass to his liking. The Hearts left Firhill with an enhanced reputation, being worthy winners by their favourite score.

HIBS IN LUCK.

Although beaten at Easter Road, Dundee were by no means the inferior side. Indeed, the first half was entirely in their favour, a only bad luck and goalkeeping of exceptional merit against them prevented their being well ahead before the half-time whistle sounded.

A fog hung heavily over the Easter Road pitch, making the position disagreeable for players and spectators alike. The latter only saw a portion of the play, and towards the finish only the referee and the players in the immediate vicinity of the leather could follow the game. Hibs' second half display saved them. They scored sensationally, getting a brace of goals in sixty seconds. Smith's goal was a real beauty. Masterton could not hold it. The custodian, notwithstanding, did well throughout. Burns was the more reliable of the backs, Thomson miskicking now and again.

M'Intosh and Hendren wrought hard. The failure lies at the feet of the forwards, who, bar the M'Donalds, failed to finish. The centre is a hard worker. Allan was in splendid form for the Hibs, their backs and halfs all playing up to their best. In the front line Clark made a splendid partner for Smith. Lennie showed improvement as a winger, and D. Fleming gave indication of better things in the future as a centre forward.

"ACCIES" HARD CHEESE.

It was hard lines indeed on Hamilton "Accies" to be deprived of the points. Their game with Third Lanark at Cathkin was stopped five minutes from time, owing to the fog. The "Accies" were easily the superior side. They had the upper hand of the Warriors all the time, and but for Brownlie's grand goalkeeping would have been further ahead. Third Lanark scored first. It was an unexpected move which brought about the goal. J. W. Smith broke away, Robertson made a bloomer, and the ball was in the net.

The second period generally favoured the visitors, who touched a gratifying standard. Thirds' forwards were fairly held by the "Accies'" middle men. Even when they did attack they were poor in front of goal. Kelly got another goal for his side. This was the hat trick. Brown scored for the Thirds.

The Warriors played Yates and Crichton for Swift and Mountford. The changes weakened the side. Brownlie and the fog saved the Reds. The attack was strong. The defence, Wilson, Gibson, and Hamilton, were safe. Halfs and forwards were weak.

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SENSATIONAL SAVING.

Ayr in the first moiety did not play up to reputation. They ought, however, to have got a penalty towards the interval. Cassidy was deliberately tripped inside the box when he was on the point of shooting, with the goal clearly in his view. Mr Dickson ignored the appeal. Why? The closing minutes found Celtic striving desperately for more goals. The United were cribbed in. White saved sensationally, up in the air and on the floor, with Johnnie Browning sprawling in the net. A great rally by Ayr just on the interval brought out Shaw's best. He made a magnificent save.

Ayr started the second period with a fine dash and resolution. They had the better of the exchanges. Shaw was kept anxious, but the United's shooting was far from strong. In this connection Celtic showed them a wrinkle, with ten minutes gone. It was the home front line's first breakaway of the period. The right wing smashed west, and Gallacher with a rapid low shot drove the globe into the far corner of the net. The match was now as good as won. Ayr were beaten. They could make little or nothing of Celtic's defence, whereas the Celts' nimble forwards constantly menaced White. He and Gallacher had a little tiff, which sent the referee to give them a lecture. It was merely a question of goals at this juncture. Another one came. Gallacher got it after very natty play by Peter Johnstone, who laid the ball dead at Patsy's feet.

GALLACHER'S HAT TRICK.

This was the hat trick for him, and the crowd cheered heartily.

There was no doubting Celtic's superiority in all departments. The United were outclassed. That is the plain truth. Richardson was the only forward worth praising. He was poorly supported. Even so, he did many clever things. Middleton was poor at outside right, as was Gray on the other extreme. Cassiday and Goodwin were unhappy supports. They should have changed places at the interval. Ayr's halves were licked by a clock-like van. Bell and M'Stay, under heavy and persistent pressure, were unsteady. White was a good substitute for Lyall. The United's show was distinctly disappointing.

Celtic touched a high standard. The side was perfectly sound from goal to centre forward. All played well.

This being so, there is no need to individualise. But a remark about the veterans would not be amiss. M'Nair, Young, and M'Menemy were in capital form. Sunny Jim seems to be renewing his youth.

DUMBARTON DRAW.

Aberdeen are one of the disappointments of the season. They could only draw with Dumbarton at Pittodrie. The game was not of a high class. Play was very poor to begin with. The visitors opened vigorously, and caused some trouble, but never looked like scoring. The Dons missed Wylie at centre half, and although Brewster played hard he did not adequately fill the big fellow's shoes.

For a time the exchanges were equal. Then Aberdeen took the upper hand, but their close quarter work was tame, and the Sons' goal was really never seriously jeopardised.

The old failing, which has robbed the Dons of many victories, was very much in evidence. They could not find the net. It was not bad luck which was to blame. True, the homesters had a share of it, but the cause of their non-success as goal-getters lay in lack of shooting judgment. Aberdeen were only occasionally the more dangerous side, and on two occasions should have easily counted. Dumbarton were plucky, but could make no use of good chances. Travers was once presented with a gilt-edged chance. He refused it.

The second period was practically a repetition of the first. The homesters had the bulk of the game for a time, but the Sons put up a stout and stubborn resistance, and managed to make a draw of it in a game of lost chances. The Sons' combination was superior, and on play deserved perhaps more than a point.

RANGERS REJOICE.

There was a big crowd to see Airdrieonians and Rangers. The Light Blues reverted to something like their old formation, experiments having cost them a point or two. 'Onians made an excellent start. They were full of running, and the Rangers' defence was kept very busy. Donaldson and Paterson, on the left, were particularly active. When Rangers replied they did so with great vigour. Their wing men got in several dangerous crosses, and it was the coolness and confidence of the home keeper which prevented scoring. Play was remarkably fast and equal, the Light Blues improving as time went on.

The home Reid was kept under close guard by Purcell, and there were few of the 'Onion's characteristic bursts. The other Reid, Willie of the Rangers, began very modestly, but he blossomed a bit as he warmed to his work. Airdrie almost scored by Donaldson, who made a magnificent shot.

Rangers then came away strongly. Their combination was clever, and the home halfbacks were often wandered. Willie Reid almost netted. Bowie missed a pinch. Brown was busy in goal. Duncan drew blood for Ibrox after nice manœuvring, in which the centre forward had a hand. The home defence was sore tried, and at times was none too steady. Several corners to Rangers were unproductive. Towards the interval Airdrie bucked up, giving the Light Blues a warm few minutes. But there was nothing doing. In the closing stages the homesters made the pace, and had the better of the movements, but the forwards were not at their best in front of goal. Donaldson's equaliser was deserved on play. Willie Reid scored the winning goal in the last minute. Mackie, well, and, though beaten, were not disgraced.

WHAT WE LEARNED AND WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW.

CELTIC IN HOT PURSUIT OF HEARTS.

RANGERS SPRING A SURPRISE AT AIRDRIE.

It's ten weeks yesterday since Morton failed to score in a League match.

A favourite song in Dundee just now is "Philip" M'Cann. I don't know why.

Don't believe the man who said he was at a match in Glasgow and saw it. He couldn't.

Will Bobby Walker don the jersey? No! Not until he is called for. How much do we know?

Arthurlie have another chance. The most of people, however, fancied them to do it first time on Galston.

Everton, 7; Sunderland, 1. Our humorist suggests that the goalkeeper's hands must have been freezing.

The referees who saw yesterday's games are authorities on "fog." They can evidently see through the glass darkly.

With a bit of luck Celtic would have gone nap at Parkhead, and that would not have been a "Dainty" thing to do.

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that Raith Rovers have been asked to transfer Fred Gibson to Middlesbrough.

Yes, sir! Airdrie have made a draw of it on three occasions, and the score has been the same on each occasion. (J. W. D.)

Tom Maley's men sprung one of the surprises of the day. Fancy them beating Middlesbrough at Ayresome Park by 3-1.

It is a matter of considerable difficulty for you to make up your mind as to what should be what, if the Poet Laureate has made up his mind.

They realised at Easter Road what Will Allan means to Hibs when he opposed the Dundee forces. Some of his "handy" work was great.

In case you desire to debate the point, Dumbarton and Queen's are the only clubs that have scored more than one goal against the Hearts.

Willie Milne and Dick Riley, chums, are on their way to the front. They have learnt something since they were in Belgrave circles.

Ayr are not united. Say what you like and think about what our good friend, Tom Steen, is thinking. Celtic, 4; Ayr United, 0, takes some explaining away.

Alick M'Gregor, of Queen's Park, must surely be regarded by Sheffield Wednesday as a "signal" capture. The lad, of course, is interested in railways.

Johnny Richardson was quite sure that Raith would beat Morton. He acknowledged his mistaken judgment when the train left Queen Street for the Lang Toon.

If Johnny Richardson could be assured that all would go well, he would be able to advise us of the result of his observations. He has one or two lads under his optics.

It will make you laugh. Certainly Richardson did not shine yesterday against Celtic, but he has shone. £150 was what Third Lanark offered for him. Go on, now, and laugh!

People are talking through their hat when they suggest that certain juniors are about to be signed on. There's very little doing, and what there is doing is not of much account.

Tom Kelso was in form at Airdrie.

Burnley are to be one of the teams of the year. They emphasised at Turf Moor what all along has been the Wanderers' weakness. They want backs. How would Aitken, of Dundee, do? I heard a whisper.

Hearts claim to be the youngest team in the League. Well, Raith Rovers must play at Greenock yesterday under twenty years of age. This will take some beating in first-class football. I should say so.

The Irish International selectors had better make a confession, or it will be up to me to show them up. If they can find a better goalkeeper than Willie O'Hagan, would they be good enough to drop me a "wireless"?

Funny, isn't it, when you think of it, that Barbour (ex-Queen's Parker, Dens Parker, Deep Daler, &c.), should be clean shaven. He's doing extremely well, however. Dundee couldn't buy him now. They haven't the money.

I am trusting to memory, but I think Hamilton Accies have failed to score on only one occasion this season. They were absolutely all out against the Thirds at Cathkin, and, but for the fog, would have won. They were out to pierce the fog, and couldn't.

They tell me that amongst the greatest admirers Percy Wharrier has is Jimmy Brownlie. I am not giving anything away when I tell you that Willie Barr is of the same opinion as the Blantyre Internationalist. Two good judges! We have only one Jimmy, all the same.

Crichton, who was playing centre forward for Third Lanark against Hamilton Accies, was the leading goalscorer in Shettleston last season. I wonder if he will have any better luck than the many centre forwards who have made their headquarters at Cathkin? Good luck to you, sonny.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Hearts	16	11	2	3	37	14	25
Celtic	16	11	2	3	37	14	25
Morton	15	7	3	5	22	23	20
Rangers	15	8	5	2	22	20	18
Ayr United	16	8	6	2	21	17	18
Hamilton Academicals	14	6	5	3	22	16	15
Airdrieonians	15	6	5	3	21	21	15
Third Lanark	14	5	5	4	17	18	14
Clyde	14	6	6	2	15	17	14
St. Mirren	15	5	6	4	23	27	14
Falkirk	16	5	7	4	17	18	14
Raith Rovers	16	5	7	4	23	24	14
Dumbarton	16	4	6	6	25	31	14
Dundee	13	4	8	3	17	28	11
Aberdeen	16	4	7	5	15	22	13
Hibernian	17	4	8	5	19	31	13
Partick Thistle	13	4	8	1	20	27	11
Kilmarnock	15	5	9	1	20	27	11
Motherwell	13	4	9	2	18	28	10
Queen's Park	15	2	9	4	17	30	8

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath	12	8	3	1	30	8	19
Raith	13	7	4	2	25	18	16
Clydebank	12	7	4	1	24	19	15
East Stirlingshire	10	6	1	4	20	12	14
St. Bernard's	12	7	5	0	27	19	14
Dunfermline Athletic	14	6	6	2	27	24	14
St. Johnstone	11	5	5	3	28	22	13
Albion Rovers	14	4	6	4	15	18	12
Abercorn	13	5	4	4	21	21	12
Johnstone	10	5	4	3	15	21	9
Vale of Leven	10	5	4	3	15	21	9
Dundee Hibs	14	3	10	1	20	39	7
Lochgelly United	6	1	4	1	7	17	3
Arthurlie	9	0	6	3	11	21	3

Jimmy Scott, of Raith Rovers, is the youngest player in Scottish League football.

The "Bairns" are quite pleased with themselves. To beat Clyde 3-0 took a bit of doing.

Has anybody decided yet, in Juteopolis, who is the player who has been so badly treated?

Did you hear that Lindsay, the old Morton outside left, is doing awfully well in the inside berth for Glentoran?

Aberdeen can evidently do nothing at Pittodrie. There was no scoring when Dumbarton supplied the opposition.

Motherwell won, after eight successive defeats, yesterday. Hard lines that Queen's Park should be their victims.

Of Queen's playing team J. L. West, T. M'Keehnie, A. Douglas, and J. Roberts are in training as "Kitcheners."

Bob Young, of the Queen's, is presently in France with the "G.H." He prefers in his new role to shine in the attack.

Brownlie was in magnificent form against Hamilton Accies. Good thing that he was. The match, however, was undecided.

None were more glad than the 3d Lanark supporters when the game was stopped at Cathkin. Hamilton were leading by 3-2.

Hearts' favourite score is 2-0. They have won seven by that total. That at Firhill came as a surprise to them. Admit it now, boys!

Bolton were one of the most surprised of all English teams—if we except Sunderland. Burnley went nap, and Everton got two over.

A man from Firhill tells me that Partick are Par-tickular as to who they beat. I have handed him over. Hearts still keep on beating.

Some of the games which were carefully and assiduously conducted in a thick, black fog were not seen by you—and me! Wh—what?

Dumbarton (so it is wired to me, and I cannot say whether it is exactly right) are greatly impressed with the play of one of the Broxburn United half-backs.

If I told you it was by wireless that you received information to the effect that so-and-so had won you would be suspicious. Because we have no wireless installation.

This is Templeton, of the Hibs. He was one of the joyous men who celebrates the victory.

Say what you like, but Hearts are beating. To do it on the Thistle by 2-0 was a distinctly meritorious performance. And yet they say you cannot sit on the Thistle.

There is a great deal to be said in favour of the ex-Aberdeen goalkeeper. He is keeping a "Mutch" better goal for Huddersfield than he did for the Northerners.

This you may accept as authoritative that football will not stop until the end of April.

There will, however, be no close season wages. A move was carefully engineered last night having this object in view.

Out Govan way they tell me that the "Light Blues" will catch up on the Hearts. At Parkhead they tell me that Rangers don't know their way about. Leave it to them to fight it out.

I have it on the best authority that a prominent Raith Rovers player is dissatisfied with his quarters. Don't be surprised to hear of his leaving. His name does not begin with a G.

LEADING RESULTS.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE
First Division.

Aberdeen	0	Dumbarton	0
Airdrieonians	1	Rangers	1
Celtic	4	Ayr United	0
Falkirk	3	Clyde	0
Dundee	2	Hibernian	0
Third Lanark	2	Hamilton Acas.	3
	Match abandoned.		
Partick Thistle	0	Hearts	2
St. Mirren	2	Kilmarnock	0
Morton	1	Raith Rovers	0
Motherwell	1	Queen's Park	0

Second Division.

St Bernard	5	Albion Rovers	1
Dundee Hibs	2	Ayr	0
Cowdenbeath	5	Abercorn	0
Clydebank	3	Dunfermline Athletic	0
Johnstone	1	Vale of Leven	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

Bradford City	3	Blackburn Rovers	0
Burnley	5	Bolton Wanderers	0
Chelsea	4	Notts County	0
Everton	7	Sunderland	1
Manchester City	1	Aston Villa	1
Middlesbrough	3	Bradford	0
Newcastle United	1	Oldham Athletic	0
Sheffield United	1	Blackburn	0
Tottenham Hotspur	2	Manchester United	0
West Bromwich A.	0	Sheffield Wednesday	0

Second Division.

Barnsley	2	Wolverhampton Wan.	0
Birmingham	3	Lincoln City	0
Blackpool	3	Glossop	0
Bristol City	3	Clapton Orient	0
Bury	2	Leeds City	0
Grimsby Town	1	Derby County	0
Huddersfield Town	3	Arsenal	0
Leicester Fosse	3	Fulham	0
Notts Forest	1	Stockport County	0
Preston North End	2	Hull City	1

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Gillingham	0	Reading	0
Brighton and Hove A.	7	Croydon Common	1
Cardiff City	4	Bristol Rovers	0
Exeter City	0	Millwall Athletic	0
Portsmouth	3	Southend United	0
Croydon Palace	3	Swindon Town	1
Plymouth Argyll	1	Watford	0
Norwich City	0	Southampton	0
West Ham United	1	Northampton	0

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Aldes Athletic	0	Stenhousemuir	0
Dundee A.	4	King's Park	0
Bathgate	1	Kirkcaldy United	0

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Hearts A.	1	Morton A.	0
Celtic A.	3	Heart of Midlers	0
Kilmarnock A.	4	Stevenston United	0
Ayr United A.	5	Partick Thistle A.	2
Dumbarton Harp.	1	St Mirren A.	0

GLASGOW SECOND ELEVEN CUP.

Clyde A.	x	Falkirk A.	

QUALIFYING CUP.

Lochgelly United	0	East Stirlingshire	0
Forfar Athletic	1	St Johnstone	2
Galston	0	Arthurlie	2

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Vale of Clyde	2	Ashfield	1
Bellshill Athletic	3	Perthshire	2
Tydebank Juniors	1	Shettleston	0
Petershill	2	Rob Roy	0
Glencairn	2	Maryhill	0
Strathclyde	0	Parkhead	4
Benburb	x	Cambuslang Rangers	x

SENSATIONAL PLAY IN ENGLISH MATCHES.

BRADFORD WITH THE BEST PERFORMANCE OF THE LOT.

GOALS GALORE FOR EVERTON—COLLAPSE OF SUNDERLAND.

Oldham Athletic go from victory to victory. Newcastle United were their latest victims. They are worthy leaders of the League.

The sensation of the afternoon was Sunderland's wash out by Everton. The Roker Parkers are going rocky. Their defence seems to be entirely out of gear.

Burnley mopped up Turf Moor with Bolton Wanderers, who are a poor team this season.

Chelsea surprised themselves by scoring four goals in one match. Bradford City brought off a fine home victory, whipping the champions by three clear goals.

Bradford's triumph at Middlesbro' was the best performance of the afternoon.

Huddersfield keep their lead nobly in the Second Division.

Newcastle U., 1 Oldham Ath., 2

At Newcastle in dismal weather before 5000 spectators. Hibbert was inside left for Newcastle vice Booth. Wilkington took Broad's place in Athletic's side. The ground was very soft and slippery. Play at the beginning of the first half was of a ding-dong character, but towards the end the League leaders were kept at full stretch. Low drove just over the bar from twenty yards. Hudspeth scored from a penalty after forty-one minutes. Half-time—Newcastle United, 1; Oldham Athletic, 0.

Oldham pressed at the opening of the second half, and Lawrence was very careful in dealing with a shot from Castmore. Play was kept in the United's half, but as far from Lawrence as the Tynesiders could manage. United's raids were scarce, but did not lack strength. They missed, however, steadiness in the firing line. Donnachie equalised twenty-five minutes after the restart with a fine drive. Pilkington scored for Oldham.

Burnley, - - 5 Bolton W., - 0

At Turf Moor, Burnley, before about 10,000 spectators; in fine weather, but on a frosty surface. Pickering appeared vice Freeman for Burnley. Play opened quiet, even, and careful. The ground was too hard for footy work. Alternate attacks were made on each end, but the custodians had very little work, the shoot ing being rare and erratic. Some easy chances were missed. Lindley, for Burnley, scored just before the interval. Half time:—Burnley, 1; Bolton, 0.

Five minutes from the restart Hodgson added Burnley's second, and Kelly the third. The game became faster and more exciting, but the mist gradually stole over the field. Bolton raided menacingly, but were wanting in combination. From a penalty Boyle scored Burnley's fourth, and Lindley the fifth. Burnley were having matters their own way. Bolton's shooting improved, but the custodian, Dawson, saved brilliantly. The best team won easily.

Middlesbro', 1 Bradford, - - 3

At Middlesbrough, before 10,000 people. The weather was dull and cold. Middlesbrough had Healey for Tinsley (unfit), and Bradford played Smith for Stirling (injured) and Watson for M'Connell. After several long shots had been saved Bauchop gave Bradford the lead after fifteen minutes' play. Davies saved from Smith, and Bauchop and Elliott shot wide. Malcolm kicked through his own goal. Interval—Middlesbrough, 0; Bradford, 2.

Five minutes after the resumption Heatley headed through for Middlesbrough, but Kirby restored the lead almost immediately after good work by Bauchop. Subsequently Scattergood made a brilliant clearance from Elliott, and Carr missed a penalty for hands against Howie. Davis in the home goal cleared finely from Kirby and M'Candless. Scattergood was not often troubled, and Bradford won handsomely.

W. Brom. A., 0 Sheffield W., 0

In dull, cold weather. Sheffield losing the toss, M'Lean kicked off before 10,000 spectators. From the kick off the game was keen and well contested, Sheffield in particular showing fine form. Bache was once well placed, but shot over as did Jephcott. Sheffield were often dangerous, and Kirkman, M'Lean, and Wilson all had opportunities, but Pearson was safe. Interval—West Bromwich Albion, 0; Sheffield Wednesday, 0.

In the second half both sets of forwards distinguished themselves, but the defence on both sides was equally sound. Bache played a fine game, but was too well watched to be really dangerous. M'Lean, for Sheffield, also played well, as did Kirkham and Wilson. Jephcott once missed when well placed. Sheffield tried hard to score towards the finish, but without avail.

Bradford City, 3 Blackburn R., 0

At Bradford, in glorious weather, before 15,000 spectators. Blackburn were without Crompton through injury, and Suttie deputised. Play throughout the first half was fast and even.

The home forwards did some persistent attacking after the interval, when the players were difficult to distinguish owing to the fog. Robinson saved one superb shot from Fox, and Logan also tested him. M'Donald scored with an unexpected shot after twenty-five minutes. Robinson being apparently unsighted. Bond added another immediately afterwards from a centre by Logan. The same player scored a third after a brilliant solo effort. Blackburn Rovers were completely routed.

Chelsea, - - 4 Notts County, 1

In fine, cold weather at Chelsea, before 15,000. Chelsea played Middelboe and Freeman for Taylor and Croal. On excellent turf Chelsea began a fine style, playing clever football at a good pace. After fifteen minutes Abrams scored from a penalty for hands against Morley. Notts were occasionally dangerous, but Molyneux saved well. Logan scored for Chelsea. Half-time—Chelsea, 2; Notts County, 0.

Chelsea's second goal came two minutes before the interval following good work by Abrams and M'Neill and a sharp scrimmage in front of goal.

The second half did not open so briskly as the first, but Chelsea were still the better side, despite an injury to Harrow, who went outside right. Thompson scored in twenty-one minutes for Chelsea after Ford shot hard, Emberson scoring for Notts immediately afterwards. Thomson scored again near the end from a corner.

Sheffield U., 2 Liverpool, - 1

In fine weather, before 14,000 spectators. Sheffield attacked. Good work by the Sheffield forwards saw Simmons score with a hot shot from twelve yards. Liverpool now pressed, the ball going out to Poynam, who had no difficulty in equalising. The United then took the play to Liverpool's half up to the interval. Close on the whistle Simmons shot from midfield, the ball beating Campbell. Half-time—Sheffield United, 2; Liverpool, 1.

Play was all in Sheffield's favour, Simmons being in great form, a great shot early on just missing its object. Campbell just afterwards made a great clearance from Kitchen. Fazackerley then attempted to get through, but was bowled over. The United continued to have all the game, both Kitchen and Fazackerley sending in hot shots, which Campbell cleverly dealt with. The game ended with the United still attacking.

Tottenham H., 2 Manchester U., 0

At Tottenham in cold, dull weather. 12,000 people saw a reconstructed Manchester team hard pressed after the first few minutes. Hotspur, with Rance centre half, showed great dash, and were unlucky. Bliss hit the top of the post, and Beale made two splendid saves from Cantrell. After a free kick Joyce fell to clear from Turnbull and punched out a hot shot from Wall. No scoring at half-time.

Play was keen but again ragged on resuming. Minster and Cantrell both headed over when Hotspur were dangerous. Finally Walden put in smart work, Beale handling a long shot over. Following a corner a penalty was given for hands, Clay scoring twenty minutes from the end. Ten minutes later Walden passed for Cantrell to score smartly.

Everton, - - 7 Sunderland, - 1

A mist overhung the ground at Goodison when this match started before 15,000 spectators.

Both sides were strongly represented. Play was fast at the outset, and Everton scored early on, Jefferies beating Boe. Phillips narrowly missed equalising, and at the other end Clennel spoiled a good chance by handling the ball. However, Parker added a second, and Harrison a third. Clennel and Parker added further points.

Sunderland were without Buchan and Philip, both of whom were injured before the interval. On resuming without the teams leaving the field Sunderland were sorely pressed, and Fleetwood hit the post. Buchan and Phillips later resumed. Boe made a fine save from Parker, but generally Everton had the best of matters. Buchan twice shot across the goalmouth, and Sunderland improved greatly, Buchan scoring. Parker, however, added a sixth, and just before the finish Clennel added the seventh goal.

Manchester C., x Aston Villa, x

This match had to be abandoned owing to fog.

SECOND DIVISION.

Blackpool, - 3 Glossop, - - 0

At Blackpool, before about 7000 spectators, including a large number of men who have volunteered for active service. Harris displaced Derrick in the Forest eleven, who had slightly the better of matters in the first half, Coleman and Bell going close. Gault missed an opening for Stockport soon after the start. At half-time there were no goals. Upon the resumption Wood threatened danger for the visitors. Bell scored for Forest in nineteen minutes. Gault equalised four minutes later. The defence afterwards prevailed.

Leicester F., 0 Fulham, - - 2

Before 4000 spectators. At the end of eighteen minutes' play Fulham took the lead with a goal by Lee, after clever passing between Smith and Wood. Fulham increased their lead at the end of half an hour, when Lee again scored. At the interval Fulham led by these two goals. In the second half the Fosse attacked strongly, and once Nixon was brought to his knees. Nothing further was scored.

Bury, - - - 0 Leeds C., - - 0

In frosty weather, before 6000 spectators. The ground was in good condition. Leeds had four changes, and Connor reappeared for Bury. The home team had more of the attack in the first half, but could not beat the visitors' defence. Directly after the interval Blackman retired hurt, and Leeds played ten man. Bury continued to have more of the play.

Barnsley, - 2 W'v'rh'mt'n W.1

Before about 5000 spectators, in slightly misty weather. The first half, while not producing much brilliant football, was always interesting. Barnsley secured a score as a result of a cleverly-obtained goal by Donkin. The second half was keenly contested, and Brooks brought Wolverhampton level. Almost immediately afterwards Fletcher put Barnsley ahead. The visitors worked vigorously for the equaliser, but met a good defence.

Hudd'rsfi'ld T., 3 Arsenal, - - 0

At Huddersfield in foggy weather before 9000 spectators. The ground was frostbound and slippery. Play in the first half was excellent on both sides, but towards the interval Huddersfield showed superiority forward, and from a clever place by Islip, Shields opened the scoring for the Town. Twelve minutes after the resumption Islip scored a second with a magnificent shot. Shields added a third five minutes from the end. Huddersfield showed surprisingly good form throughout, and the game was a great one.

Bristol City, 3 Clapton Orient, 0

Played at Bristol in dull weather on greasy ground, before 6000 spectators. Both clubs were strongly represented. Play in the early stages was very poor, but it improved after Brown scored the only goal of the first half for City. Brookbank increased Bristol's lead two minutes after the change of ends, and seven minutes from the close Picken scored their third point. The better side won.

Grimsby T., 1 Derby County, 2

Before 8000 spectators. Grimsby had a rearranged attack. The game, which was played in splendid weather, was equally fought to the interval, both custodians effecting smart saves, and in the concluding stages Derby's left wing in two attacks scored through Leonard and Benfield in quick succession. After fourteen minutes Hampton scored for Grimsby by pressed to the finish, Derby's defence being frequently in danger.

**Preston N.E., 2

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'HE BEST PERFORMANCE THE LOT.

EVERTON—COLLAPSE OF DERLAND.

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Manchester C., x Aston Villa, x

This match had to be abandoned owing to fog.

SECOND DIVISION.

Blackpool, - 3 Glossop, - - 0

At Blackpool, before about 7000 spectators, including a large number of Territorials training in Blackpool. Glossop, who had Dearnaley and Henderson for Ward and Thompson, were overplayed in the first half, and Lane scored from Quinn's centre after six minutes. Sibbald and Quinn made other good attempts, but Causey kept a fine goal. Lane scored again in the second half, and later completed the hat trick.

Notts Forest, 1 Stockport Co., 1

At Nottingham, in bright weather, before six thousand spectators, including a large number of men who have volunteered for active service, Harris displaced Derrick in the Forest team, who had slightly the better of matters in the first half, Coleman and Bell going close. Gault missed an opening for Stockport soon after the start. At half-time there were no goals. Upon the resumption Wood threatened danger for the visitors. Bell scored for Forest in nineteen minutes. Gault equalised four minutes later. The defence afterwards prevailed.

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Played at Bristol in dull weather on greasy ground, before 8000 spectators. Both clubs were strongly represented. Play in the early stages was very poor, but it improved after. Brown scored the only goal of the first half for City. Brookbank increased Bristol's lead two minutes after the change of ends, and three minutes later the close Dicken scored their third point. The home side won.

Grimsby T., 1 Derby County, 2

Before 5000 spectators. Grimsby had a rearranged attack. The game, which was played in splendid weather, was equally fought to the interval, both custodians effecting smart saves, and in the concluding stages Derby's left wing in two attacks scored through Leonard and Benfield in quick succession. After fourteen minutes Rampton scored for Grimsby, who pressed to the finish, Derby's defence being frequently in danger.

Preston N.E., 2 Hull City, - 1

At Deepdale on frosty field, before 7000 spectators. Hull were at full strength, and North End was rejoined by Newson, M'Coll, and Morley, but lacked Osborne. Scores were effected in a few minutes. Broadhurst converted a penalty for Preston, but Stevens equalised with a long, oblique shot. Early in the second half Grant put Preston ahead, and Broadhurst afterwards missed a penalty, Grant being tripped when clean through.

Birmingham, 2 Lincoln City, 0

The weather was cold and frosty. The game was played before 12,000 spectators. Birmingham won the toss, and Egerton kicked off. The game was keen at the start, but afterwards play was of a scrambling character, with Birmingham slightly the better team. Gibson scored Birmingham's first goal at the end of half an hour, whilst A. W. Smith put them further ahead from a penalty awarded against Dunn. Nothing further was scored.

It has taken some time for the Scottish players to acclimatise themselves to the environment of Stamford Bridge. They made sure yesterday, however, that they were not "Pensioners."

They are saying things at Newcastle. They want to know why the United are not winning. To be beaten by Oldham at home—one of the consistent teams of the League—didn't go down well.

It is seven weeks since Raith Rovers failed to score in a League match. They had hard lines at Greenock in the first minute of the match from a brilliant header by Scott. Hoo are ye gettin' on, Jimmy?

Dundee Hibs must surely be in a bad way. Leith beat them at Tannadice by 3-1. Could they do nothing with "Mars"? I mean the training ship. They might get a forward or two who could play—if they couldn't shoot.

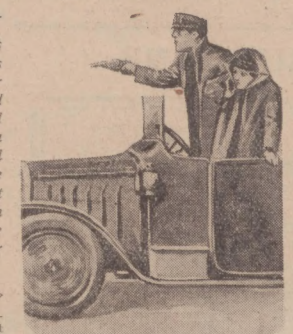
They tell me that quite a number of Glasgow League players are anxious to join Kitchener's Army. Peter Bell would be a stalwart. He'd knock blazes out of some—especially one Willum whose headquarters are at Berlin.

You may not remember, but Celtic won seven League matches last season by the same score—1-0. This season they have recorded four. Yesterday, of course, they recorded another four, which they were quite entitled to, but didn't expect.

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveller of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our shores and their own homes.



The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart,

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick runs up against shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick tells Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretends that he is attached to the spy department of the Fatherland. His deception is discovered, however, and he is ordered to be hanged at daybreak, but manages to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister.

Dick ultimately arrive in Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes, and discovers that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum.

By adopting a clever ruse Dick succeeds in getting his sweetheart out of the toils of the asylum doctor, who was plotting, along with the Gaylors and Baumeister, to get a huge sum of money from Ellice's father for her release.

The lovers, now happily united, afterwards meet old friends in Monsieur and Madame Henri Beautemps, actors, belonging to one of the best theatrical companies in Paris. The Frenchman and his wife are passing off as Germans

Herr Baumeister's hatred against Dick has increased tenfold, and he strains every effort to lay the brave young Britisher by the heels. The climax comes when he sends five secret service men to the Frenchman's flat to effect the capture of the suspects.

Thanks to the timely warning of Hans, who had acted as valet to Gaylor in London and is now a secret service agent in Berlin, Dick and his friends escape from the flat, leaving five dead Germans behind them.

Just as Dick and his friends are driving off at the other end of the street which they are leaving there approaches a file of soldiers headed by a motor car. Dick, who has been leaning out to tell the driver to hurry up, looks back for a second through the little window at the back of the cab.

"I believe that's Baumeister in his car!" he says. "Just in time! But I'd give something to see his face when he finds that we're gone."

"Ah!" grins Monsieur Beautemps, "and when he finds his five dead men!"

Hans to the Rescue.

"AH, yes, but now," went on Monsieur Beautemps, "it is necessary that we find somewhere to live."

"By jove, yes, I should think so," chimed in Dick. "And I say, Henri, the matter of the passports, too. You know they won't let us in anywhere unless we can show one, or a police permit. What the deuce are we to do? It's awkward, for you know we might be stopped at any moment and asked to show our papers."

That is one of the delights of German life; it is all a question of papers. Every visitor to any town whatever has to be registered. The landlord of a hotel, or the keeper of apartments, has to send a list to the police station each night of the persons who sleep under his roof. And of course foreign persons travelling have to have passports, and in war times the surveillance is naturally more than strict, it is iron.

"Well, I don't know!" laughed Henri. "Here we are with our boxes driving about the city, and we daren't stop anywhere, daren't ask anywhere for accommodation! Pretty fine situation, isn't it?"

"Dick, you must be tired!" said Ellice, placing her little hand on his. "After all you've been through to-day you must be just longing for one good sound sleep."

To tell the truth Dick did indeed feel just about done; he had already fainted from fatigue and exhaustion, and the nervous and bodily strain, and he felt that if he didn't get somewhere soon where he could lie down and sleep, sleep for months, he should soon collapse again.

But it was as Henri had said. They could not possibly get accommodation anywhere without passports and papers. Dick had thought of going to the American Embassy to throw himself on the mercy of the young secretary Percival Garton, whom he had made friends with earlier in the day, but it was now well towards evening, and the Embassy would be closed, at anyrate to visitors. What, then, was to be done?

"I vote," said Dick at length, "that we take the luggage to the station, put it in the cloakroom, then go and get something to eat, and then try and think what is to be done."

"But, my goodness, supposing our boxes are opened—you never know what they might be up to these times. Supposing they were opened and searched. Besides, even then they might want our papers there. Whatever would happen to us if they found out about our disguises? No, that won't do. We are in a hole this time," concluded Monsieur Beautemps.

"Dick, Dick, I've just thought of something," broke in Ellice. "There's Hans! Couldn't we get hold of him somehow? He might be able to help us."

"There you are," broke in Monsieur Beautemps admiringly. "A woman's wit saves the situation. It was often so. Hans, that good Secret Service man; Hans, who is our friend! Ah, yes, he would be of use."

"Of course, of course, darling. He would give us passports and everything else necessary," said Dick. "He said he would this morning, but that was before Baumeister sent his men to arrest us, and we never thought that we should want them so soon. But, you remember, he didn't bother about leaving his address, but said we could keep in touch with him through the American Embassy. But we ought to see him at once. How on earth are we to get at him? Bother that old Baumeister for poking his nose in."

"But wait a minute; let's think how we can get at him. Baumeister's telephone number I know, but I don't even know Hans' surname or what he calls himself, and it would never do to ring Baumeister up and ask him for the address of Hans, one of his men. I wonder how we can do it? Oh, but wait; perhaps it's in here."

From his pocket Dick took the papers which he had lifted from Baumeister's flat giving the names and addresses of the English people in Berlin and of the German patriots, or spies, resident in Britain.

"It's amongst the patriots perhaps," said Dick. "Yes, here we are! "Hans Friebaum, servant. See, there Gaylor's address. That's our man right enough. Well, we've got his name—that's one thing at anyrate—and now the rest is simple. I'll soon see to it. Ellice, will you come with me?"

They had been driving along now for some little time, Monsieur Beautemps having purposely given the name of a street some distance off in order to give them time to make up their minds what to do.

"Stop him at a restaurant, and you and madame go in and have something to eat," said Dick. "Ellice and I will be back directly. You can trust yourself with me, can't you, darling?"

A gentle pressure of his hand was the only reply, and when the cab stopped Monsieur and Madame Beautemps went into the restaurant, while Dick and Ellice walked into the nearest police station.

"Oh, they've taken her down to the Rothhaus, or the Red House, as they call it in slang here, because it's a red building. It's a house of detention for the most depraved and abandoned women in Berlin. Pickpockets, thieves, drunkards, women who follow every sort of crime for a living, the very lowest of the low, the very scum of the earth, are herded there, and into this they have thrown poor little Mrs Edward Dayre."

Dick stood for some seconds looking straight before him with bent brows. An English woman amidst all that filth! She must be saved.

"I'll go there first," said Dick. "You can take me there now, can't you, Hans? I should like to have a look round."

"Oh, yes, I can take you there at once. Come."

It was an hour's drive to the Red House outside Berlin. Hans had the use of a motor car in which he drove Dick to the prison, and soon they were looking at the crime-stained women taking their morning exercise.

The wide, paved yard was surrounded by high walls, with hard flagged paths radiating, as it were, from a hub, and in it the wretched women were marching up and down, watched on every side by male warders, for these women were considered too dangerous to be under the control of women. And, even allowing for the disfiguring prison dress, there were still enough grounds for Dick's shudder as he saw the brutal and repellent faces. And these, he thought to himself, were women—creatures of the same sex as Ellice! Oh, how awful it all seemed!

And there, the last of one of the files, paced a little, dainty, shrinking figure, a fair-haired girl, just a typical English girl she was.

"That's the wife I'll swear," whispered Dick. "She's English all over. Can't you get her out to speak to me? I'm just an American journalist interested in prisons if anybody wants to know who I am."

"All right," agreed Hans.

He beckoned to one of the warders, gave him some short and sharp instructions; the man saluted, and very soon returned, bringing with him the little fair-haired girl. He had hold of her wrist in a heavy grip, and when he released it Dick looked down and saw tears in the little girl's eyes as she too glanced down at the bruised marks that the brute's heavy hand had left on her flesh.

The warder went back to his post, and Dick began to speak quickly in English to the girl.

"I'm going to try and get you out of this," he said, "you and your husband. Don't be frightened now. Don't look round. I'm an Englishman. Just listen, that's all. The rescue may come at any time. Maybe you wouldn't know me again if you were to see me, but do exactly what you're told by anybody who comes to you and says"—Dick thought for a moment for a password—"says to you, 'Five dead men tell no tales.'"

He was thinking of the five dead men in the kitchen, and the rather grim humour of using them as a password appealed to him.

"Now, I'm going to see your husband as well," went on Dick. "I'll tell him I've seen you. Any message I can give him from you?"

"My love," said the little girl simply.

"That'll do now," broke in Hans. "Quickly, you must go back to your walk. Look out, Dick! Here's Baumeister."

The warder was summoned to take Mrs Dayre back to her place amongst the promenade of crime, and that moment up came Baumeister looking very glum, accompanied by three subordinates. He nodded to Hans, who bowed with a certain deference to his chief, and then he looked inquiringly at Dick.

"Who's that man, and what's he doing here?" he asked.

"He's an American journalist, Mr John Hooston. He's interested in prisons."

"Oh, an American! How do you do, sir? I hope you are obtaining all the information you want in our city," said Baumeister.

Dick felt that he should like to laugh right out in the chief spy's face—the old spirit of adventure was egging him on to do something foolish, something desperate.

"Oh yes, thank you," he said, "nearly all the information I want, except, Herr Baumeister—you know what we journalists are for news—can you tell me something about the mystery of the five dead men in the kitchen in the flat."

Baumeister staggered back for a moment almost as if he had been shot. He had not long come away from the scene of that mysterious happening, of which he had been informed first of all by a letter from the Stupid Englishman. And now here was an American asking a question about it.

"Hold that man," said Baumeister quickly, turning to his subordinates.

And Dick felt just a little sick to find himself in a second firmly held by each arm. Baumeister was beginning to associate America with unpleasant things. There always seemed to be an American about just when he had had trouble. The young Englishman, whom he wanted had been disguised as an American. Could it be that this man standing there, this American journalist—a little thrill of exultation shot through Herr Baumeister. Perhaps he had got his man.

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Baumeister quite politely, "but these are perilous times, and we have a duty to perform. Will you kindly step with us to a place where we can have a little conversation?"

Dick began to think he had spoken a little too quickly—that he had been too cheeky—as he found himself walking between two men to a room in one of the prison buildings. Baumeister suspected him, that was certain. How could he bluff it out? His disguise! He knew that was proved. Well, this man was clever, it was possible that he might find out something, and then he would involve not only Dick himself, but perhaps Hans Friebaum, and certainly Ellice and Henri and Juliette Beautemps in the trouble.

But Dick never said die, and as he walked down to the prison building between the two men his brain was working very, very quickly. What was he to say to Baumeister? How was he to make a plausible explanation? He had been foolish to speak like that. Still he must keep his end up—he must try and bluff his way through. Bluff had succeeded before with Baumeister, perhaps it might succeed again.

Baumeister suspected him—that was evident. Very well, then, if possible he must try and persuade Baumeister that he was what he made himself out to be, both by accent and personal appearance—an American.

Dick was taken into a sort of office, and Baumeister issued his commands to his three subordinates.

"You two keep your eye on that gentleman," he said. "You" (the turned to the third) "go and fetch a basin of hot water and soap and a towel."

A little smile crept over Dick's face. He knew what that meant, and he knew he was safe. The Chief Spy noted that smile.

"You seem amused, sir," he said, frowning.

"We shall soon see who laughs last."

"Herr Baumeister—that's your name, isn't it?"—said Dick. "I shouldn't be worth my salt as a journalist if I couldn't read your face. You think I'm in disguise, and you want to see me wash my face so that you can see if the paint comes off. Why, man alive, you're behind the times in this city! Haven't you heard of that paint which will never come off except under a certain process? You can wash, eat, drink, sleep, do anything you like, but unless you have the proper lotion for taking it off there it stops, though, of course, you have to renew it at intervals. Why, good gracious me, it's been known in New York criminal circles for years, and it was the police who invented the lotion that would remove it. They just had to do something, or else the toughs would have been up to their games for ever. D'you mean to say you've never even heard of it?"

Baumeister fidgetted a little. This man spoke with such confidence; his thoughts had been read with the greatest ease, for Dick had hit off Baumeister's plan exactly—it was to make the presumed American wash his face in order to discover if it were painted. Baumeister wasn't quite certain now, but still he was going to carry his plan through, and when the man returned with the washing apparatus he pointed to the basin.

"You surmised rightly, sir," he said to Dick. "I'm going to ask you to wash your face. You've no objection?"

"Certainly not," said Dick. "Only let our friends here release their hold, or I shan't be able to get on with the washing business."

Dick applied the soap and water thoroughly. He had every confidence in little Henri's preparations, and in this paint in particular, for he had washed that morning at the hotel with the hottest water possible so as to be quite sure. He scrubbed away at his face, then dried it, and then looked over at Baumeister, who came up to him, asked him to turn his face to the window, looked at him intently, and then gave a stiff little bow.

"Pardon, sir," he said. "I was mistaken. You can go." He turned to his three men.

"You're staying, Friebaum?"

Hans nodded.

"But, sir, you'll understand my suspicion, my alarm almost, when you mentioned five dead men in a kitchen. It is quite right. Five of my agents have been killed, and it's only a short time ago that I heard the news. No outsiders knew of it—no one could—how then, sir, did you learn the news? May I ask you that?"

"Certainly!" answered Dick. "Only this morning I received a communication, a mysterious communication written on a half-sheet of notepaper. It ran somewhat like this—'A good story for your American paper would be that of the five dead men in the kitchen at Guggenheim's flat. Ask Chief Spy Baumeister about it. Mention my name. He will know me.' And it was signed, 'The Stupid Englishman.'"

Herr Baumeister's face turned first of all a purple red and then white.

"That man again, that man again!" he said. "You have that piece of paper, sir?"

Dick shook his head.

"No, I tore it up," he said. "I thought it was no good keeping it and it was just a lark that made me ask you the question, for I'd no idea that there was anything in the story really. I don't know a bit who the man is or how he got my address or anything about it. There's the complete yarn, Herr Baumeister. Now, you'll let me have the information about those five dead uns, won't you? It'll make a good story for my paper."

"No, sir, I can't do that. But I shall be glad to keep in touch with you. I may be able to give you other information worth having. Friebaum, the woman Dayre, the Englishwoman, from information that has come to hand concerning her, it is certain that she is an English spy, and she will be shot to-morrow—that is why I am here, so that I can make arrangements. Then you will be relieved from making any further inquiries. Good-day, sir," he said, shaking hands with Dick, for this American must be treated well. "We shall meet again, I hope."

And when they were outside that dreadful jail Dick drew a deep breath as he clutched Henri Friebaum's arm.

"Gad, that was a near squeak, Hans," he said. "If I hadn't been certain of Henri's paint it would have been my last call. I couldn't help saying that to Baumeister, but in future I must be more careful. Now there's that poor woman, that little girl, Mrs Dayre. To be shot to-morrow! D'you think that's right, Hans?"

"Oh, there's more of that being done than is generally known," said Hans sadly. "I couldn't do anything, I couldn't help——"

"Well, we can do something together now, you and I, Hans, eh? We must save that little girl."

Dick went back to the hotel to consult the others, Henri, Juliette, and Ellice. Between them all surely they could invent some plan to save this poor little English wife.

"Where's Ellice?" was Dick's first question when he found Henri and Juliette in the hall.

They both looked perturbed and anxious. Juliette looked as if she had been crying, and Henri at length stammered out—

"She's gone, dear Dick. We went out just for a little walk and we left her here, and when we came back we looked for her, and we couldn't see her, and the clerk told us that only a few minutes before a gentleman had called and asked for Mrs Hooston, and she had gone away with him. She had left no message; she had just simply walked away with him."

"Good God, it's a trick, it's a trick!" cried Dick. "I'll swear it is. They've got her again. Oh, what a fool I was to leave her here by herself!"

Has Ellice really been decoyed away? How will this latest adventure of Dick Carrick end? Read in next week's issue the dramatic events which quickly follow Dick's discovery.

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WAR DECORATION.

The Inspiration of the Magic Initials "V.C."

How Our Allies and Enemies Reward Gallantry.

OUR gallant lads in khaki are performing valiantly in the sanguinary battlefields of Flanders, and many a heroic action has been done there for which no reward will ever be given.

This is not due to the fact that we have not decorations enough to go round, but where every man is a hero it is difficult to single out individuals, except when a whole regiment rings with a feat of exceptional bravery and "derring do."

Our Victoria Crosses are not showered on our men indiscriminately. They are not awarded to "heroes" who throw bombs on defenceless cities and slaughter innocent women and children. These are deeds of German gallantry for which Iron Crosses are specially struck!

The Victoria Cross is awarded for valour, and valour alone. It is undoubtedly the world's most famous war decoration. Men truly have done deeds of daring almost surpassing credence in order to have the privilege of signing the magic initials "V.C." after their names. Men high and low in the service of the Crown, regulars and Territorials, civilians and clergymen alike, are eligible to the honour of the Victoria Cross.

The Little Bronze Cross.

The story connected with this little Maltese cross badge of honour reads like a romance. The most sensational of adventure stories founded wholly on fiction, which makes one's hair literally stand on end, cannot compare with some of the stories of the daring of Victoria Cross winners.

Distinction Open to All.

We are very proud of the fact that the great distinction of the Cross is that it can be worn by the humblest man in the army or navy. There is no bar on the score of rank.

The first presentation of the Victoria Cross was on June 26, 1857, the year after the terrible Crimean war had been brought to a close, the ceremony of investiture taking place in Hyde Park.

The first man to receive the honour was Lieutenant C. D. Lucas, of the British Navy, who afterwards rose to be a Rear-Admiral. Others included two ordinary seamen in the navy, fifteen privates in the army, and twelve non-commissioned officers in that establishment.

Since that memorable day the Victoria Cross has been pinned on the breasts of more than 500 officers and men, and it is certain that the present war will result in the bestowal of many more.

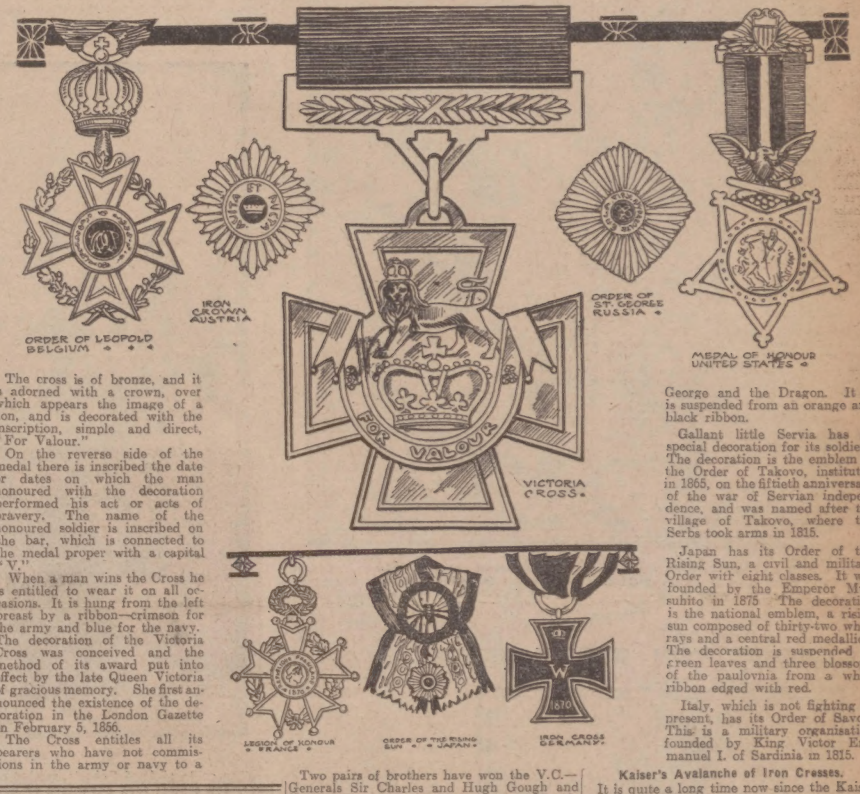
In 1911 the right to receive the V.C. was extended to include native soldiers of our Indian army, who until then had been ineligible for it.

Some Famous Holders.

The campaign which produced the most V.C.s was the Indian Mutiny, in which 182 were won. It was in this campaign that the late Lord Roberts won his V.C.

For the Crimea 111 were awarded. The campaign next most fruitful was the Boer war, in which 77 were won. Of these last it is good to note that the Colonial forces won 20, 10 being gained by South Africa.

There is a prevalent notion, which is quite mistaken, that clasps have sometimes been awarded to V.C. heroes. That is not so. The decoration, with one or more bars, may have been awarded for more than one act of bravery, but no V.C. has every received more than just his plain Cross.



The cross is of bronze, and it is adorned with a crown, over which appears the image of a lion, and is decorated with the inscription, simple and direct, "For Valour."

On the reverse side of the medal there is inscribed the date or dates on which the man honoured with the decoration performed his act or acts of bravery. The name of the honoured soldier is inscribed on the bar, which is connected to the medal proper with a capital "V."

When a man wins the Cross he is entitled to wear it on all occasions. It is hung from the left breast by a ribbon—crimson for the army and blue for the navy. The decoration of the Victoria Cross was conceived and the method of its award put into effect by the late Queen Victoria of gracious memory. She first announced the existence of the decoration in the London Gazette on February 5, 1856.

The Cross entitles all its bearers who have not commissions in the army or navy to a pension amounting to £10 a year, which sum can be increased to £50 where the winner is hindered by old age or bad health. If a man dies in winning the coveted Victoria Cross the decoration is presented to his next-of-kin.

Two pairs of brothers have won the V.C.—Generals Sir Charles and Hugh Gough and Colonel Reginald and Major-General E. H. Sartorius. The former pair won the Cross in the Indian Mutiny, and the latter in Ashanti and Afghanistan respectively. Then there is the one notable case of a father and son both winning the medal, that of Lord Roberts and Lieutenant F. H. S. Roberts, whose bravery in Colenso earned him the V.C. but cost him his life.

The V.C. has been won by only one clergyman, the Rev. J. W. Adams, one time rector of Ashwell, Rutland, who gained his medal by rescuing two men of the 9th Lancers from certain death at Killa Khazi, near Kabul, on December 11, 1879.

The Legion of Honour.

The French award for gallantry in the field is the badge of the Legion of Honour. This was founded in 1802 by Napoleon, and at first was known as the Order of the Eagle. The decoration is in the shape of the Maltese cross, but has five arms instead of four, three of the arms being pointed upward and two at the base of the emblem.

This decoration was called the Eagle of the Legion until the time of Louis XVIII. the portrait of Napoleon was removed to give place to that of Henry IV., and the decoration became known as the Cross of the Legion.

During the short-lived Second Republic, beginning in 1848, the portrait of Napoleon as first Consul took the place of Henry IV., and when Napoleon III. became Emperor the portrait of Napoleon as Emperor was again used on the decoration.

Except during a few years when the Legion first was established, and for a time in the regime of the Second Republic, the decoration was suspended from a crown. When the Third Republic was founded in France the likeness of Napoleon again was taken off the emblem and was replaced by a figure representative of "Republique Francais."

The Legion of Honour possesses some features which make it unique among these orders of chivalry. It was the very first of these orders which was open to civilians as well as to soldiers. The coveted decoration could be won not only on the field of battle, but in the study, the workshop, or even the kitchen. It carries with it a small pension, proportioned to the rank of the recipient in the Legion.

Some of our own men, notably members of the Royal Flying Corps, have already been decorated with the Legion of Honour for conspicuous bravery during the present war.

A Belgian Hero.

The Order of Leopold is the name of the organisation whose insignia is conferred on brave officers and soldiers of the Belgian forces. The Order is a civil and military body, and was founded by Leopold I. in 1832, with five classes. The decoration is a white enamelled cross with a wreath of oak and laurel bearing the letters "LL" and "RR" (Leopoldus Rex).

On the reverse side of the device are the arms of Belgium and the motto of the Order, "L'union fait la force" (In union is strength). This decoration probably will be conferred upon many men who have fought so gallantly to defend their country. Among the Chevaliers of the First Order is a man named Nande, who accomplished a remarkable feat at Herstal on August 25. Single-handed he not only killed a German colonel and fourteen soldiers, but captured a regimental flag.

Russian and Servian Decorations.

The greatest decoration a Russian can get for distinguished military service is the Maltese Cross of St George, emblem of the Order of St George, founded in 1769 by the Empress Catherine II. This Order, however, is not open to all soldiers, being reserved for officers of at least the rank of colonel. The Maltese Cross is of white edged with gold, and bears the image of St George and the Dragon. It is suspended from an orange and black ribbon.

Gallant little Servia has its special decoration for its soldiers. The decoration is the emblem of the Order of Takovo, instituted in 1865, on the fiftieth anniversary of the war of Servian independence, and was named after the village of Takovo, where the Serbs took arms in 1815.

Japan has its Order of the Rising Sun, a civil and military Order with eight classes. It was founded by the Emperor Mutsuhito in 1875 The decoration is the national emblem, a rising sun composed of thirty-two white rays and a central red medallion. The decoration is suspended by green and three blossoms of the paulovnia from a white ribbon edged with red.

Italy, which is not fighting at present, has its Order of Savoy. This is a military organisation founded by King Victor Emmanuel I. of Sardinia in 1815.

Kaiser's Avalanche of Iron Crosses.

It is quite a long time now since the Kaiser threw his avalanche of Iron Crosses among his soldiers. Not but that some of them were deservedly won all the same, for there can be no doubt of the personal bravery of our enemy.

The Iron Cross was established by Frederick William III., King of Prussia, in 1815 as a reward for bravery in the war with Napoleon. It consists of a cross of iron with a border of silver suspended by a black ribbon with two white stripes. In the centre of the Cross is a spray of three oak leaves, above which is a crown and the initials "F. W." with the date 1813 below.

The Iron Cross was re-established by William I. for the Franco-Prussian War, and remained the same with the exception of the initials of the new ruler and the date 1870. Now the Cross has been very much revived by the present Kaiser.

Austrian Honours.

Austria-Hungary has its Order of Elizabeth-Theresa for gallant fighters. The Order was founded by Empress Elizabeth Christina in 1750, and was reorganised by the Empress Maria Theresa in 1771. It was instituted originally for twenty generals and colonels, and still is maintained for officers of those ranks for gallantry or for at least thirty years' service in the Imperial Army. The decoration carries a yearly pension.

For Austrian soldiers also there is the Order of the Iron Crown, founded by Francis I. in 1815. It is a civil and military Order, the emblem of which is the iron crown of Lombardy under the double-headed Austrian eagle bearing upon its breast a shield of blue enamel with the initial "F."

The only decoration that an enlisted man or an officer in the United States forces can get is the Medal of Honour voted by Congress.

GERMANY'S SECRET SCHEME.

A SECRET scheme of Germany, whereby she endeavoured to involve the United States in the war as her ally, is revealed by an American, who has written a very frank little volume, "Can Germany Win?" which Messrs Pearson have just published.

Germany is threatened with famine in copper and petroleum, which articles—contraband of war—are as vital to Germany as bread, for without them her troops would be unable to procure munitions of war.

Now to meet this contingency she evolved an amazing plan. She proposed to the United States that these raw materials should be carried to Germany in neutral ships under the convoy of the United States Navy. In return she was to send back to the United States linen, hosiery, chemicals, and so on in the same neutral bottoms and under the same convoy.

That was a wild-cat scheme, on which Washington at once set its foot, says this well-informed Yankee. To carry on a carefully-organised system of providing Germany with these munitions of war with the official backing and support of the United States could only have one termination—a breach with Britain.

That was the last thing in the world desired by the United States, and when Germany was politely informed that such a suggestion could not be countenanced for a moment Germany's official attitude at once changed. And the result of that change of attitude was immediately to be traced in the altered tone of the German press. To-day the German newspapers are pouring an even more virulent stream of abuse on the head of the United States than has been vented on Britain.

In Mortal Fear of British Gunfire.

One of the most interesting chapters of this exceptionally interesting book deals with the German Navy. On this important matter to the British people the author sheds much illumination. Inglorious as their strategy may appear to our eyes, it is sound and successful from the enemy's standpoint.

The Germans believe that the strain of our watch and ward in the North Sea and a few more successful submarine attacks will give our fleet a bad dose of nerves.

They, however, go in mortal fear of the British gunfire. They also dread any prolonged or exacting manœuvres in the open sea, because they cannot, with the officers and men at their disposal, properly work or fight their ships.

In a short time the German Fleet will receive an enormous addition in the shape of three new battleships—the Grosser Kurfurst, the Monkgraf, and the Koenig—all of which have a displacement of 26,000 tons, and carry ten 12-inch guns.

But our author points out that these ships may to a certain extent be white elephants, inasmuch as the Germans are already hard put to it to find efficient complements of officers and men for the vessels already in commission.

They will have to beat up the last officer and the last man in the billets ashore, and the officers in billets ashore at present are those who have been relegated to land service for shortcomings at sea. The men, too, will mainly consist of reservists who have only done their three years' compulsory service in the past, and who, when they are dragged back from the land, will know very little of modern fighting ships.

There is also in German minds more than a lurking suspicion of the quality of the German seaman.

Nor is Germany very happy in her naval commanders just at present. Von Tirpitz, of course is still the brains of the German Admiralty, but the man in fighting command of the High Seas Fleet is Admiral Von Ingenohl, in whom, our author tells us, neither officers nor men have much confidence

Germany means to strike a great blow at Britain, but she will not be hurried into striking it.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1914.

CONTENTED!

A number of German prisoners of war in camp at Frimley have a game of cards round the camp fire. They are all well satisfied with the treatment they receive.

FLEEING BEFORE THE RUSSIANS.

It is announced that between 70,000 and 80,000 German refugees have arrived in Berlin, flying before the Russian invasion in East Prussia and Silesia. The picture shows a party on the road to Berlin.

WATER "UNDER ESCORT."

An armed sentry in a reinforcement camp on the Continent guarding the drinking water to prevent Tommy Atkins using it for washing and shaving. Water has to be brought a considerable distance, and its use is carefully guarded.

KING GEORGE WITH THE WOUNDED.

The King and Queen, who take the kindliest interest in the wounded soldiers from the front, visited them in the hospital at New Forest. The King is seen chatting to a wounded "Tommy," who is knitting garments for his comrades at the front.

THE LAST SCENE.

The coffin of Lord Roberts, resting on a stone slab specially placed in the floor under the dome in St Paul's Cathedral. Enormous crowds took advantage of paying their last respects to the great Field-Marshal, and passed in single file on each side.

AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE.

One of the Australian Light Horse, who are armed as mounted infantry. They are all good horsemen, and their training has fitted them to serve the Empire, which they are keen to uphold, as they did during the South African war.

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI.

The brilliant cavalry officer and noted author, whose book "Germany and the Next War," has been widely quoted since the beginning of the campaign. He has long been a strong advocate of German aggression. He is now in retirement, living in a little village between Cracow and Berlin.

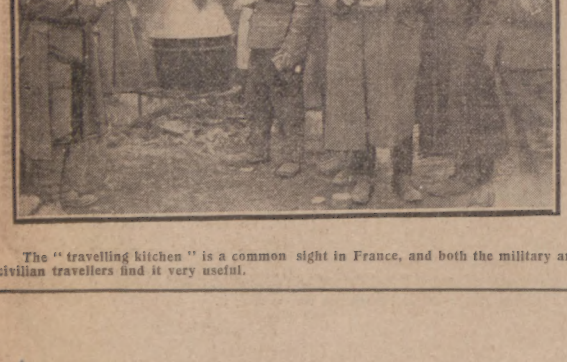
THE BATTLE-CRUISER GOEBEN.

The ex-German battle-cruiser Goeben, which was in action with the Russian Black Sea Fleet, disappeared in the mist after being in action for fourteen minutes. The Russian flagship Svyatoi Evstafu and other vessels did such splendid firing that a number of explosions took place on board the Goeben, and she disappeared. The flagship suffered little damage. The Breslau, which accompanied the Goeben, did not take part in the action, but kept in the offing. The Goeben is looked upon as one of the finest fighting vessels of her class. She has a displacement of 23,635 tons, and her speed is 27 knots. She carries ten 11-inch guns, and her crew numbers 1013.

"BROTHERS IN ARMS."

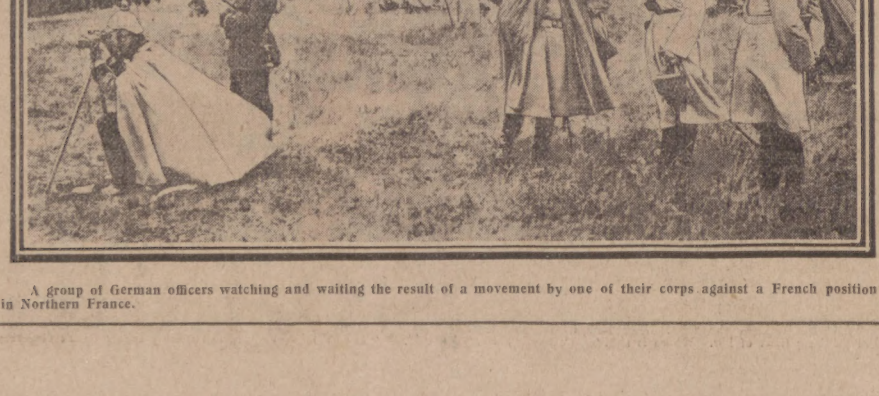
A favourite photograph of the late Lord Roberts. He is standing with Lieut.-General Sir James Hills Johns, G.C.B., V.C., a life-long friend. When the photograph was taken Lady Hill Johns, at the request of Lord Roberts, wrote under the picture the words, "Brothers in Arms."

THE "TRAVELLING KITCHEN."



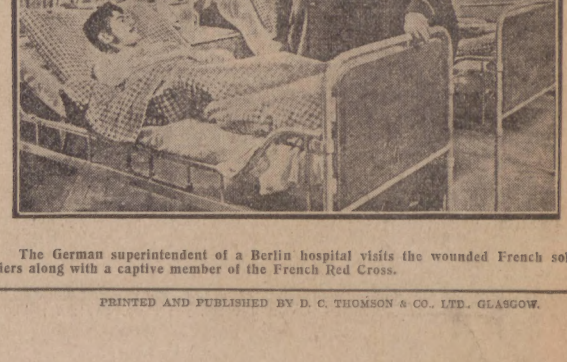
The "travelling kitchen" is a common sight in France, and both the military and civilian travellers find it very useful.

THE "SPECTATORS."



A group of German officers watching and waiting the result of a movement by one of their corps against a French position in Northern France.

FRENCH WOUNDED IN BERLIN.



The German superintendent of a Berlin hospital visits the wounded French soldiers along with a captive member of the French Red Cross.

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